OCTOBER, 1901.

THE ROYAL

4D.

No. 36. Vol. VI.—October, 1901.

Published by C. ARTHUR PEARSON Ltd., London, W.C.

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BEECHAM'S PILLS

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

THESE ARE
THE PILLS
THAT CURE

ALL BILIOUS
& NERVOUS
DISORDERS

(IN BOXES)
1/1½ & 2/9

THE MEDICINE
OF THE
WORLD

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"A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—*Adams.*

EVERY HOUSEHOLD AND TRAVELLING TRUNK OUGHT TO CONTAIN A BOTTLE OF

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

A Simple Remedy for Preventing and Curing by Natural Means

All Functional Derangements of the Liver, Temporary Congestion arising from Alcoholic Beverages, Errors in Diet, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Giddiness, Vomiting, Heartburn, Sourness of the Stomach, Constipation, Thirst, Skin Eruptions, Boils, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Influenza, Throat Affections, and Fevers of all kinds.

WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION
THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE
IS IMMENSELY INCREASED.

It is not too much to say that the merits of ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' have been published, tested, and approved literally from Pole to Pole, and that its cosmopolitan popularity to-day presents one of the most signal illustrations of commercial enterprise to be found in our trading records.

INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, SICKNESS, etc.—"I have often thought of writing to tell you what 'FRUIT SALT' has done for me. I used to be a perfect martyr to Indigestion and Biliousness. About six or seven years back my husband suggested I should try 'FRUIT SALT.' I did so, and the result has been marvellous: I never have the terrible pains and sickness I used to have; I can eat almost anything now. I always keep it in the house and recommend it to my friends, as it is such an invaluable pick-me-up if you have a headache or don't feel just right.—Yours truly,

"————— (August 8th, 1900)."

THERE IS NO DOUBT THAT where **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease it has, in innumerable instances, **PREVENTED A SERIOUS ILLNESS.** Its effect on a **DISORDERED, SLEEPLESS, or FEVERISH CONDITION** is **SIMPLY MARVELLOUS.** It is, in fact, **NATURE'S OWN REMEDY,** and an **UNSURPASSED ONE.**

CAUTION.—*Examine the Bottle and Capsule and see that they are marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you have been imposed upon by a WORTHLESS Imitation. Prepared only by J. C. ENO, Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' Works, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT.*

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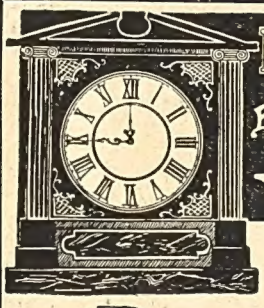

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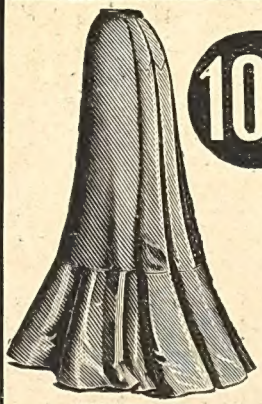

10/6

MODEL 697.
Stylish Skirt, with lined Flounce, two box pleats at back.

MODEL 800.
Charming Coat and Skirt for Autumn. Full, well skirt **10/6** and tailor-cut coat which fastens with three buttons. In **John Noble Cheviot Serge and Costume Coating.** Price **10s. 6d.**, carriage 6d. Skirt alone, **5s. 6d.**, carriage 5d. Also in fine wool serge, lined throughout, **21s.**

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An exceptionally well-made Reefer Coat, with fitting back, smartly cut in good wearing cloth of fawn or black. Velvet collar **8/6** and neat buttons Price only **8s. 6d.**, carriage 6d.
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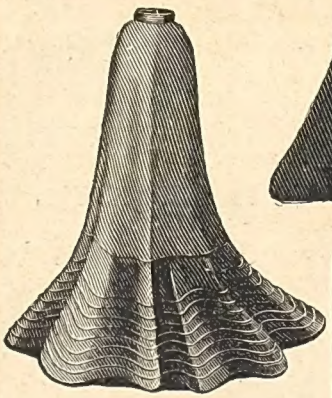

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In Cheviot Serge, Black, Navy, or Grey ...	6/6	10/6
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„ **Plain Alpaca,** Black, Navy, or Grey, Lined	12/-	13/9
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„ **Fine Poplin Dress Fabric**	14/3	17/-

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A FULL DRESS LENGTH of **John Noble Cheviot Serge or Costume Coating** (6 yds., 52in. wide) for **7/6**; carriage, 8d.

Colours: Black, Navy, Brown, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and Royal Blue.

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ANY DOCTOR WILL TELL YOU "there is no better Cough Medicine."—One gives relief: if you suffer from cough try them but once; they *will* cure, and they *will not* injure your health; an increasing sale of over 60 years is a certain test of their value. Sold in 1½d. tins.

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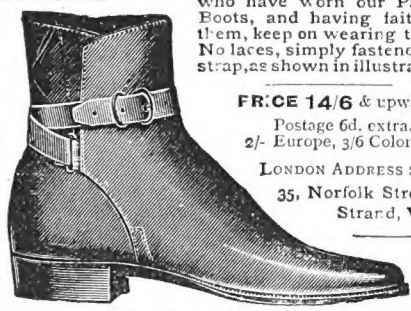

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"TATCHO"
The Hair Renewer.

"LOOK AT MY HAIR NOW,"

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"'TATCHO' IS INVALUABLE,"

writes **Princess Eugenie Cristoforos Palœlogue,** "I would not be without it on any account."
Belvedere Hotel, Kensington, W.

"I COULD NOT HAVE BELIEVED,"

avers **Major.-Gen. Keate,** "that any preparation could do so much good in so short a time. 'Tatcho' is excellent, and better than anything I have ever tried in the course of a long life."
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To undertake the introduction of "Tatcho" to the public a wealthy syndicate has been formed, embracing several of the best-known scientific, literary, and commercial names in London, and, under the name of the George R. Sims' Hair Restorer Company, is introducing "Tatcho" to the toilet-table of every member of the King's vast empire. The Company have decided to distribute a quantity of large trial bottles of "Tatcho" to enable those who have not yet profited by Mr Sims' discovery to do so. The Company does this in the belief that such distribution will enable the preparation to become more widely known, and introduce it into every home in a more satisfactory manner than could be effected through extravagant outlay in advertising. To enable you to participate in this distribution, cut out the coupon under Mr. Geo. R. Sims' photo and post to the Company's offices, with your name and address legibly written, accompanied by postal order for **1/10**, in exchange for which you will receive under plain cover a large **4/6** trial bottle, post free.

"Tatcho" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

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"Tatcho" is sold by Hairdressers, Chemists, and Stores throughout the world, in Bottles, at 1s., 2s. 9d., and 5s.

COUPON

This Coupon entitles the holder to one 4s. 6d. size Large Trial Bottle of Mr. GEO. R. SIMS' HAIR RENEWER for 1s. 10d. post free,
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The Profits of the Seven Years to 31st December 1901

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Buy Direct at First Cost from the Leading Firm of London Manufacturers.

Design No. 384 or Skirt 6/6; carriage, 5d. extra. **11/6**

The Best Costume on the Market—Made in Allen Foster & Co.'s world-renowned Specialite Serge and Venetian Cloth. In Black, Navy, Light Grey, Dark Grey, Blue Grey, Light and Dark Fawn, Brown, Reseda, Purple, and Red. Very stylish bodice, with pleated front, revers trimmed with good corded gimp. The Skirt has the new fashionable Flounce. Price complete, **11/6**, carriage, 6d. extra; or Skirt alone, **6/6**, carriage, 5d. extra.

The Perfection of Value.

Special Value. Send for one.

Patterns, Catalogue of Bargains, POST FREE. Call or Write.

Design No. 1062, **10/6**

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The Latest in Costume Skirts, trimmed with the new cording in stylish zig-zag design. The band of satin at top of flounce is nicely stitched. This attractive Skirt is made in the Venetian Cloth or Specialite Serge. All colours (patterns free). The Skirt is lined with good linenette. Price only **10/6**; carriage paid, 5d. extra.

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ENGLISH LEVER, £2. 10s. 0d.

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SIMPLICITY.—No complicated parts and therefore easily understood.

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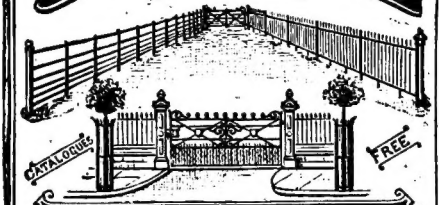

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THAT WILL LAST A LIFETIME.

FORWARDED FREE to any Railway Station in the United Kingdom.

The Bedroom Suite consists of Wardrobe, 3ft. 6in. wide, and nearly 7ft. high, with large, full-length, highly-polished mirror, bevelled edges, carved panels and large long drawer underneath; Dressing-Table, 3ft. 6in. wide, with beautiful large bevelled mirror, two jewel drawers, two small drawers, and two extra-large ones; Washstand, 3ft. 6in. wide, fitted with fine Sicilian marble slab, double row of majolica tiles in back, pedestal cupboard underneath, and towel rail; two Cane-seated chairs are also supplied with the Suite. This Bedroom Suite is supplied in American Black or Satin Walnut, Mahogany, or Oak and is **solid throughout**, every article being well polished by hand labour. In ordering please say wood required.

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£1. 1s. down and **10** Monthly Payments of **One Guinea**, or
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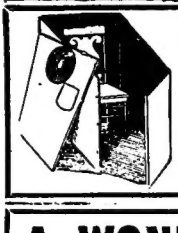

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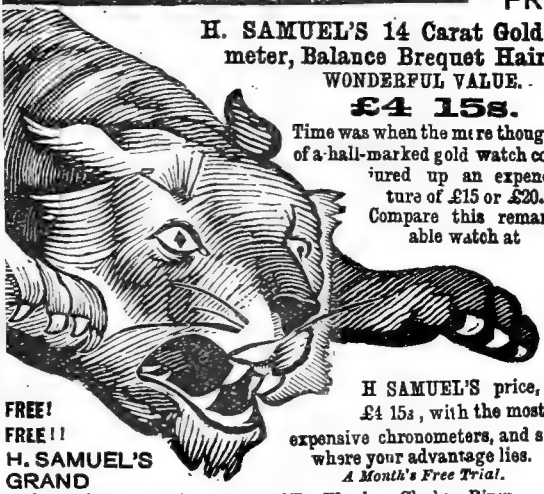
HIGH-CLASS GOLD WATCHES AT FACTORY PRICES.

FOR DOCTORS, CLERGYMEN, AND THE PROFESSIONAL CLASSES.



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SOLID 14 CARAT GOLD CASES. Finest Quality Lever Movement. Jewelled in 15 Actions. Polished plain for monogram or engine turned as desired.
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SOFT AND SILKY.
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After Washing looks like New.

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State size usually worn or send shape of foot on paper or old boot.

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ESTABLISHED 1858.

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ADJUSTABLE SADDLE,
15/- each.
OF ALL AGENTS OR DIRECT.
The rider may adjust the width of seat to suit himself.

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EXTRA CREAM TOFFEE

is DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS! DELICIOUS!
Purest of the Pure. Splendid for a Cold.
Sold everywhere. A Large Sample Packet sent Post Free 8 penny stamps.
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Wholesale Dealers should stock this Toffee as it sells at sight.

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We know you want to get cured of your skin trouble, but probably you think it impossible, or you have spent so much hard-earned money that you are afraid to venture on something else. Now, let us tell you that not only can you get rid of any form of chronic skin disease in a short time, as quickly as you can be cured of an ordinary cold, but your health, in consequence, will be bettered by the removal of the humiliating symptoms and worry.

All you have to do is to write your name and address very clearly, mention the ROYAL, and forward the letter or postcard to the Antexema Co., 83, Castle Road, London, N.W. You will then have posted to you per return an interesting treatise on the skin, and a free trial sample of "**Antexema.**" These will be sent to you in a plain envelope wrapper, absolutely gratis and post free.

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WE are the Original and Genuine Premium Firm. Our novel scheme has attracted over 500,000 persons to write to us and prove our genuine dealings, and to these people we have distributed many thousands of real silver watches, hall-marked by Swiss Government, which we give **Absolutely Free.** The Watches are carefully tested, and keep correct time; they have been valued by our customers at £2 10s., and more. We advise all industrious men and women, boys and girls alike, to write to us and gain our handsome presents **Free.**

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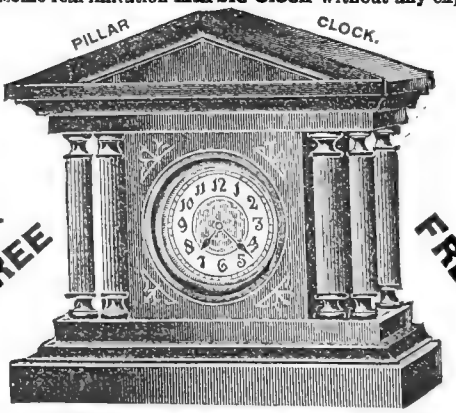
Remember, we do not ask you to part with one penny of your money. We want agents to sell our jewellery (which we send you free), and we will give you **Handsome Presents** and **Cash Prizes Free.** We simply ask you to sign the form at the bottom of this page and send to us, or copy all out on a postcard and post to us, when we will immediately forward to you our parcel of Nine articles of Jewellery **Free,** which we ask you to sell for us at **1/6** each, and when we receive from you the 13/6 you have obtained by the sale of same we will dispatch to you by return our **Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant** or our handsome real imitation **Marble Clock** without any expense to you.

FREE



HANDSOME DECORATED FACE.

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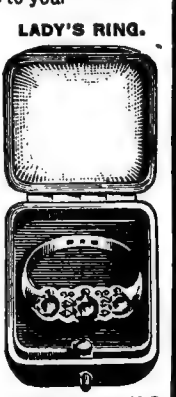
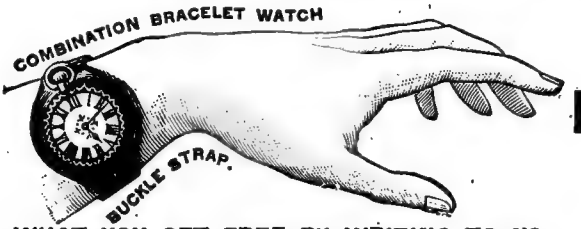


SEND NO MONEY.



ALL FREE TO YOU.

WHAT YOU GET FREE BY WRITING TO US.

For selling Nine articles of jewellery we give you a **real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or our real imitation **Marble Clock,** Lady's Bracelet, with Watch as illustrated, or other present you may choose. **For selling Seven articles** we give you a **Lady's or Gent's Watch** without Chain and Pendant, or a real imitation Marble Clock without pillars, but with lion head ornaments. **For selling Five articles** you can have **free** a set of Steel Carvers or an E.P. Silver Cruet, or an Alarm Clock. We give you a Globe Timekeeper **for selling Three articles,** or a serviceable Fountain Pen with gold colour nib, &c., &c. Please understand there is no risk whatever in taking these goods. We trust you absolutely, and it costs you nothing to try. Thousands of letters have been received from delighted customers.

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Fill in your Name and Address (in full) on this Form, or, if you prefer, copy the Form out on a Postcard, sign it, and post to us.

GOODS COUPON.

THE BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE,
(DEPT. 58) 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

GENTLEMEN,

Please send me your parcel containing Nine articles of Jewellery, price 1/6 each, which I will do my best to sell for you. When I have sold them, and you have received the 13/6 obtained by the sale of them, it is understood that you will send me **absolutely free a Lady's or Gent's Real Silver Watch with Chain and Pendant,** or **any other present** I may choose from your list.

Should I fail to sell all your Jewellery, I hereby agree to return those unsold, along with the money for any sold, within four weeks from date, when you will send me a present according to quantity sold.

Name (in full).....

Address (in full).....

When writing, state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss.

BRITISH PREMIUM SYNDICATE, (DEPT. 58), 282, CENTRAL CHAMBERS, GLASGOW.

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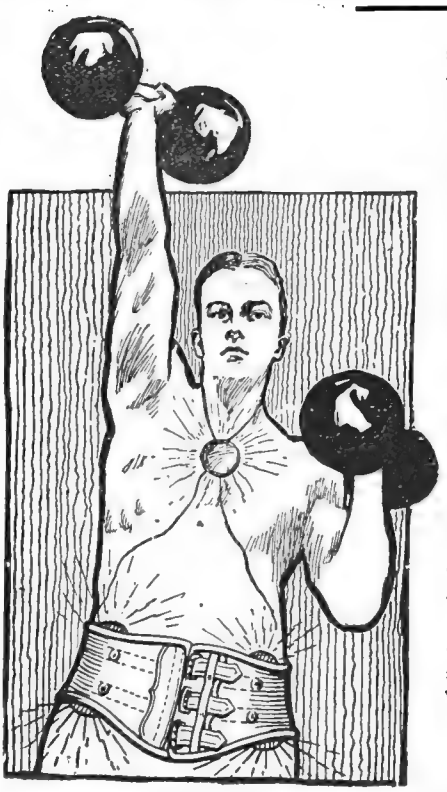
This scientifically constructed and successful curative appliance will be sent free on Thirty Days' Trial, so that all sufferers may experience the benefit of renewed strength and vigour—without cost.



Thousands of people are daily struggling with some form of disease that undermines their strength and powers. To all such, New Life and Vigour are magic words that will not pass unheeded when brought home to these hosts of sufferers. We especially appeal to the vast and increasing Army whose ranks comprise the Weak, the Nervous, and the Enfeebled, and every one languishing for those greatest of all blessings, Relief from Pain, Restored Vitality, and Robust Health.

To all sufferers from Exhaustion of Nerve Force, Indigestion, Liver and Kidney Troubles, Sleeplessness, Gout, Rheumatism, and Kindred Ailments; Anæmia or Poorness of Blood, and Irregular Circulation, Varicocele, Constipation, or from any form of Impaired Vitality, arising from overstrain, we can offer special help.

The Richardson Electro-Galvanic Battery Belt, in its fabric and elements, is a unique combination unequalled for comfort and efficiency. It is the acme of perfection of what a curative electrical appliance should be. There is no metallic contact with the skin, and therefore no irritation. It is speedily efficacious in its action, and an agreeable support. It is, in fact, the outcome of many years' profound study and experiment as to the most perfect means ever yet devised of applying Nature's own remedy—Electricity—for the cure of disease.

Electro-Galvanism, as we skilfully employ it, makes the weak strong, and the strong stronger. It restores shattered nervous systems, and relieves racking, wearying pain.

It enriches the blood and quickens its circulation. Its unseen current creates new life, and renews within those natural forces, the loss of which are the first symptom of decay.

As a nervine tonic and invigorating agent it has no equal in the whole field of therapeutics, and may be relied upon to restore weakened constitutions to pristine strength and energy.

Free Trial for One Month.

We ask the readers of this Magazine to remember that this offer is made by a firm with nineteen years' reputation in the City of London.

We desire that every sufferer should wear this marvellous Belt and test its healing virtues for Thirty Days, as we are certain that it will cure, and that the wearer, after the month's trial, will then gladly pay the moderate price asked.

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DRAPER'S ORCHESTRAL ORGANETTE

is a real organ in miniature, containing two full sets of reeds and three stops. Productive of wonderful variations of tone and effect. Can be played at sight.

A CHILD CAN PLAY IT.

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spoil the beauty of the fairest face, and deprive the eyes of their defence against dirt and dust. The eyelashes are strengthened and restored by SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT, a remedy with 300 years' reputation. Supplied by chemists and stores in ancient pedestal pots for 2/- each. A little book "How to Preserve the Eyesight" will be sent to any applicant by STEPHEN GREEN, 210, Lambeth Road, London. All who suffer from any eye trouble should send for it.

IS BEAUTIFULLY ENAMELLED IN ALL COLOURS

MAINTAINS A BRIGHT METALLIC & PLEASING APPEARANCE

THE VENETIAN BLIND

FIXES IN HALF THE SPACE OF A WOOD BLIND

HODKINSON & Co LTD SMALL HEATH BIRMINGHAM.

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Patersons' (REGD.) "Camp" Coffee

In a few seconds, with boiling water, you can have a cup of coffee containing the full flavour and rich aroma of the newly roasted bean, that will warm, soothe, and prepare you for slumber.

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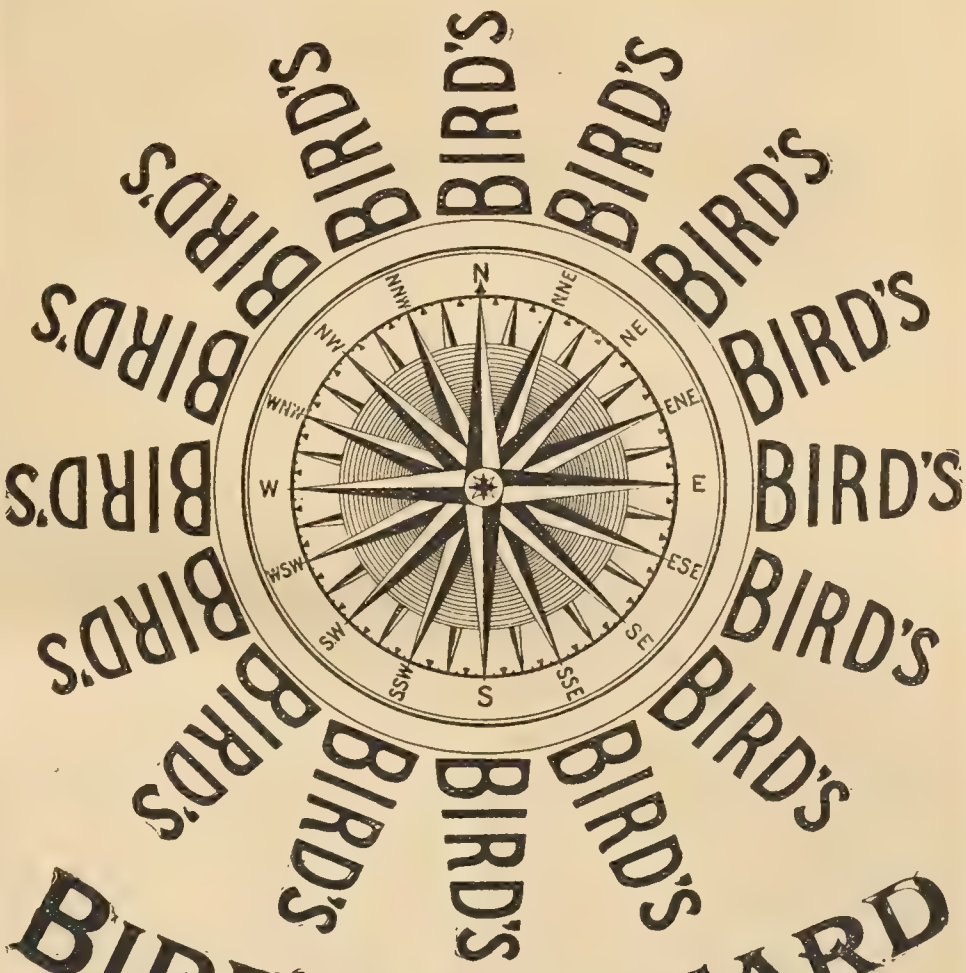

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is the unfailing resource of every successful Housekeeper.

NO EGGS! NO RISK! NO TROUBLE!

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Absolutely the Newest and most Stylish Production for the Coming Season. Marvellous Value. Our New

PLEEZORL FRIEZE-SERGE

is just out from the looms and is produced in a charming variety of colours, including Black, Navy, Peacock, Claret, Myrtle, Fawn, Grey, and a number of entirely new shades. 50 inches wide. Price only **1/3 per yard.** Our New Pleezorl Mixtures are a finer make, lighter in weight, and in several excellent colourings, most exquisitely blended. 42 inches wide. **1/3 per yard** only. *Both Fabrics are Excellent Wearers.*

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NON-MERCURIAL.
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offers the greatest opportunities for advancement to-day. We can teach anyone **at home by mail** to

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or to learn TELEPHONY, TELEGRAPHY, ELECTRIC RAILWAYS, ELECTRIC LIGHTING, ELECTRIC MINING, SHORT ELECTRICAL COURSE; also MECHANICAL ENGINEERING, STEAM ENGINEERING, MECHANICAL DRAWING, &c.

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WITH WATCH, - - - **25/-**
Fitted in Morocco Case,

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THE CURE of **ASTHMA**, *Hay Fever*, **CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**, ***SHORTNESS OF BREATH***, **BLOOD SPITTING**, ***Lung Diseases***, &c.,
is generally considered impossible,

BECAUSE the usual treatments only confine themselves to combating single symptoms instead of attacking the root of the disease. BE SURE THERE IS ONE

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Sufferers will receive *post free*, FREE OF CHARGE, particulars of the famous WEIDHAAS HOME TREATMENT, when applying to THE PAUL WEIDHAAS HYGIENIC INSTITUTE, 16 T. P., Buckingham Road, Brighton. Mr. Weidhaas has tried the treatment on himself, after having been given up as incurable, and cured himself, and had then practised it for over nineteen years in many thousands of special cases. Many having suffered for over forty years have been cured by his treatment (in some instances even at the age of 70 or 80 years), after having been **GIVEN UP AS INCURABLE**. No interference with daily occupation. Send description of complaint, and mention if you suffer from COLD FEET.

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"Abingdon. (Full address on application.)

The Director is prepared to pay **£1,000** to any Charitable Institution if the above is not a genuine extract from the Patient's own letter. The original may be seen at the Paul Weidhaas Hygienic Institute by any *bona fide* inquirers.

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Of many mixtures the Best and Purest.

¼ lb. Tins, **1/8.**

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FOOD FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS, and the AGED.

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AT ONCE.

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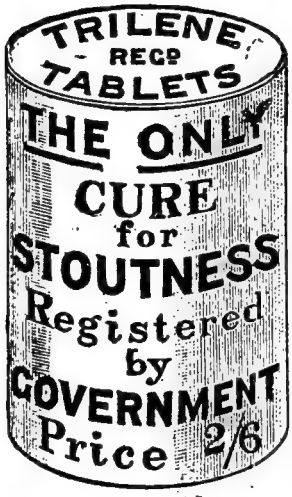
Can be CURED by taking

TRILENE TABLETS

(Regd.)



for a few weeks. They will safely REDUCE WEIGHT and CURE CORPULENCY PERMANENTLY, whether Abdominal or General. They are small, agreeable, harmless, sent privately, and never fail to improve both Health and Figure without change of Diet.

An ENGLISH COUNTESS writes:
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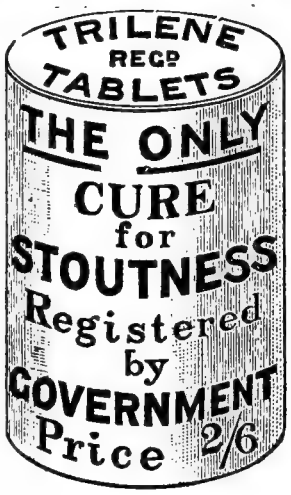
Send 2s. 6d. to Mr. M. Wells, The Trilene Association, 66, Finsbury Pavement, London.

An Interesting Book on Obesity accompanies each Box.



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Countess Seckendorff, of Berlin, writes: "I have taken Tablets with success, and am recommending them to friends."

Miss E. Lee, 5, Granville Road, Victoria Park, Leicester, writes: "I can recommend your Tablets, which I think a very fine thing. Diet is no good."

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"87, Alexandra Road, Norwich, 19th Oct, 1896.
"GENTLEMEN,—In reference to Trilene Tablets, I may say that my wife found the greatest possible benefit from the use of them, and their action was rapid, as my wife was for many years growing too stout, but the Tablets soon reduced the same completely.
"Yours faithfully, **J. R. Canham.**"

Princess Liechtenstein of Landsberg, Austria, writes: "Pray send me your Tablets directly."

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Extract from "The Lady," 3rd Sept., 1896: "Many stout persons have suffered untold agonies in unavailing efforts to reduce their bulk, either by means of severe dieting or by taking more or less deleterious drugs; but all these pains would have been saved if they had only invested in a case of the wonderful Trilene Tablets, which are guaranteed absolutely harmless, containing neither mercury, arsenic, nor any other mineral poison, and which are an unfailing Cure for Obesity."

Mrs. T. Boston, Cambridge Villas, Clifford Street, South Wigston, says: "I congratulate you on your wonderful Tablets. My weight at first starting them was 11st. 7lb., and I now weigh 9st. 11lb."

Mrs. Fenton, 11, Wood Street, Tyldesley, writes: "Been fat all my life, but now your Tablets tell a tale. I have lost 17lb. already, and am delighted. Sufferedn u'told trouble previously, but now do my work with pleasure."

Mrs. C. Sharp, of Grange Farm Cottage, Wellingborough says: "Your Tablets have made me very much thinner. All my friends notice the great reduction in weight."
West Cornforth, Ferryhill.

Mr. William Usher says: "A sister of mine, who was 17st., was greatly reduced by your Tablets to 15st."

Mrs. O'Connor, 2, Kensington Square Mansions, London, writes: "I am much less stout for taking them."

Mrs. Pearce, of Armstrong Road, Benwell, writes: "I am reduced from 12sc. to 9½st., and do not get any heavier."

Count Ehrenwaud, of Liatorp, Sweden, writes, 9th Oct., 1899: "The person who took Tablets lost 18lb. during the cure."

Mrs. Kay, of "The Cross Keys," Upwood, writes: "Great benefit from Tablets. To my surprise they reduced me 8lb. the first week."

Mrs. Weaver, of Greenpits Villa, Station Road, Ross, Hereford, says: "I wish to say I have been reduced from 13st. 8lb. to 11st. by your Tablets, and can recommend them highly. You can use this publicly if you wish."

G. A. Gale, Esq., of Bothenhampton, Bridport, says: "Tablets most beneficial, and greatly reduced my weight. I feel better generally."

Father T. M. Byrne, of Holy Cross Abbey, Sligo, writes: "When I began your Tablets I was 12st. 5lb.; I now scale at 10st. 11lb.—my case, too, is hereditary."

Mrs. Mary Williams, of Old Yard, near Bedol, Bagillt, Wales, writes: "I have lost 28lb., and will do my best to make them known."

Miss Patient, of Woodberry, Theydon Bois: "Feel great benefit from Tablets. I have lost 2st., and am sufficiently reduced."

Mrs. Crossley, of Rose Hill, Torver, near Coniston, says: "There is a very decided diminution of fat. I am delighted. I cannot praise Tablets too highly. My heart is better, and I can breathe so much easier. You may refer to me as often as you like."

Mrs. W. A. Radford, High Street, New Brinsley, Eastwood, says: "Before taking your Tablets, I was 46in. round waist. I am now 32in., and can get about in comfort, and hope soon to be 24in. You may use this as you please."

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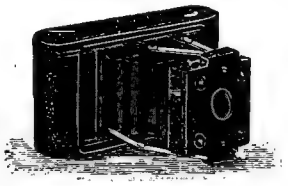

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THE ROYAL MAGAZINE.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

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The Editor will always be ready to consider contributions, whether literary or pictorial, and, where stamps are enclosed, will make every endeavour to ensure their safe return in the event of their proving unsuitable, although he cannot hold himself responsible for any MSS. or drawings or photographs sent on approval.

Cases for Volumes I.—V. of THE ROYAL MAGAZINE are now ready, and can be obtained at the Publishing Office, price 1/- each, or post free, 1/2.

Bound Volumes of the first and second six months are also ready, price 3/6 each, post free, 4/-; third and fourth six months, 4/- each, post free, 4/6.

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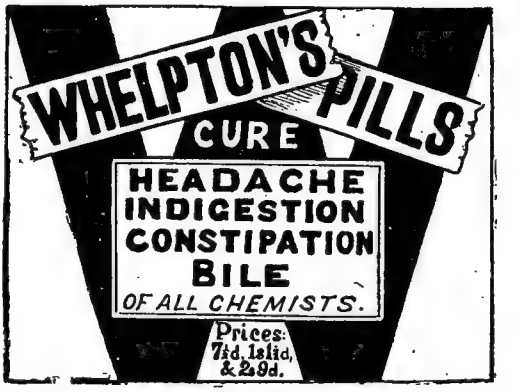

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Photo, Marceau.

EDNA MAY.

It was at the New York Horse Show, the most swagger social event across the sea. Balconies, stalls, boxes, and promenades were filled to overflowing with all the beauty and fashion of American society. The "Belle of New York" suddenly makes her appearance, not in a Salvation Army uniform—no! but in a wonderful robe completely made of ermine, and costing close on three hundred pounds. There was a momentary hush, and every glass was turned on the beautiful young actress who had in turn stormed London and New York. Then arose a babble of many tongues, and for the next twenty-four hours Miss Edna May, her gown, her beauty, her career, was the one topic of conversation. And yet there are some who deny that the girl can act!

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FROM THE STALLS

Photo, Ellis & Walery.

CORALIE BLYTHE.

She said some astonishing things, this dainty little blonde. "I am utterly happy, and I love the stage—but," she went on, "it's work after all, and all work is necessarily a hardship. Oh, for a cottage far away in the country, where I could live quite alone! How I should love the roses; I don't think I should ever tire of them!" Miss Coralie Blythe, have you ever tried the existence you long for? No? Then try it for once, so that we may be certain to see you on the stage for many years to come. For you will never try it again.

LETTY LIND.

The charm of this wonderful girl is past finding out. There are many prettier actresses, and a few with a step and movement almost as light and graceful. But are there any who can smile like Letty Lind, or who give out such an atmosphere of perfect high spirits and unconquerable girlishness? None! So we love her, every man of us—do we not?

Photo, Bassano.

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Photo, Bassano.

LINA SEVERING.

She is hardly more than a child to-day—this lovely girl, but has already been many years on the stage. It was Sir Augustus Harris who first engaged her, together with her sister, and, true to his nature—there was never a more open-handed manager—immediately paid them a salary of seven pounds a week.

Miss Severing is always strictly chaperoned; she is a young lady whose smiling exterior hides, I should imagine, a very strong character. Take the slightest liberty with her, and I fancy you would not be long in repenting your temerity.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

MAIE SAQUI.

An Australian with a very sweet face and a genius for dancing that is almost unrivalled, she went on the stage at the age of thirteen—no very long time ago. She would like the mother country better if only it afforded her facilities for riding and driving equal to those she enjoyed in her native land. But the Thames covers a multitude of sins. "I love it!" she says, "and especially when somebody else does the hard work." Like Miss Nancy Girling, she is philosophical, and dislikes nothing and nobody—except (and I suspect her of being rather proud of this antipathy, as she shares it with our greatest soldier)—except cats.

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Photo, Ellis & Walery.

LOUIE POUNDS.

She tells the story very quietly: "He was evidently an admirer of mine, and had plagued me with letters for a long time. Of course, I never answered them. This annoyed him, I suppose, for one day, as I was leaving the theatre, he attempted to murder me—shot at me and missed, I'm glad to say. For this little escapade they gave him a protracted period of free lodging. But shortly after his release he was caught with a bottle of vitriol outside the stage door. That vitriol was meant for me." "And——?" "Oh, he's travelling abroad. I don't expect he'll visit England for many days to come."

Miss Pounds refused to be more explicit, and, to change the subject, told me that she finds refuge from periodical fits of depression in sport and Cowper's poetry.

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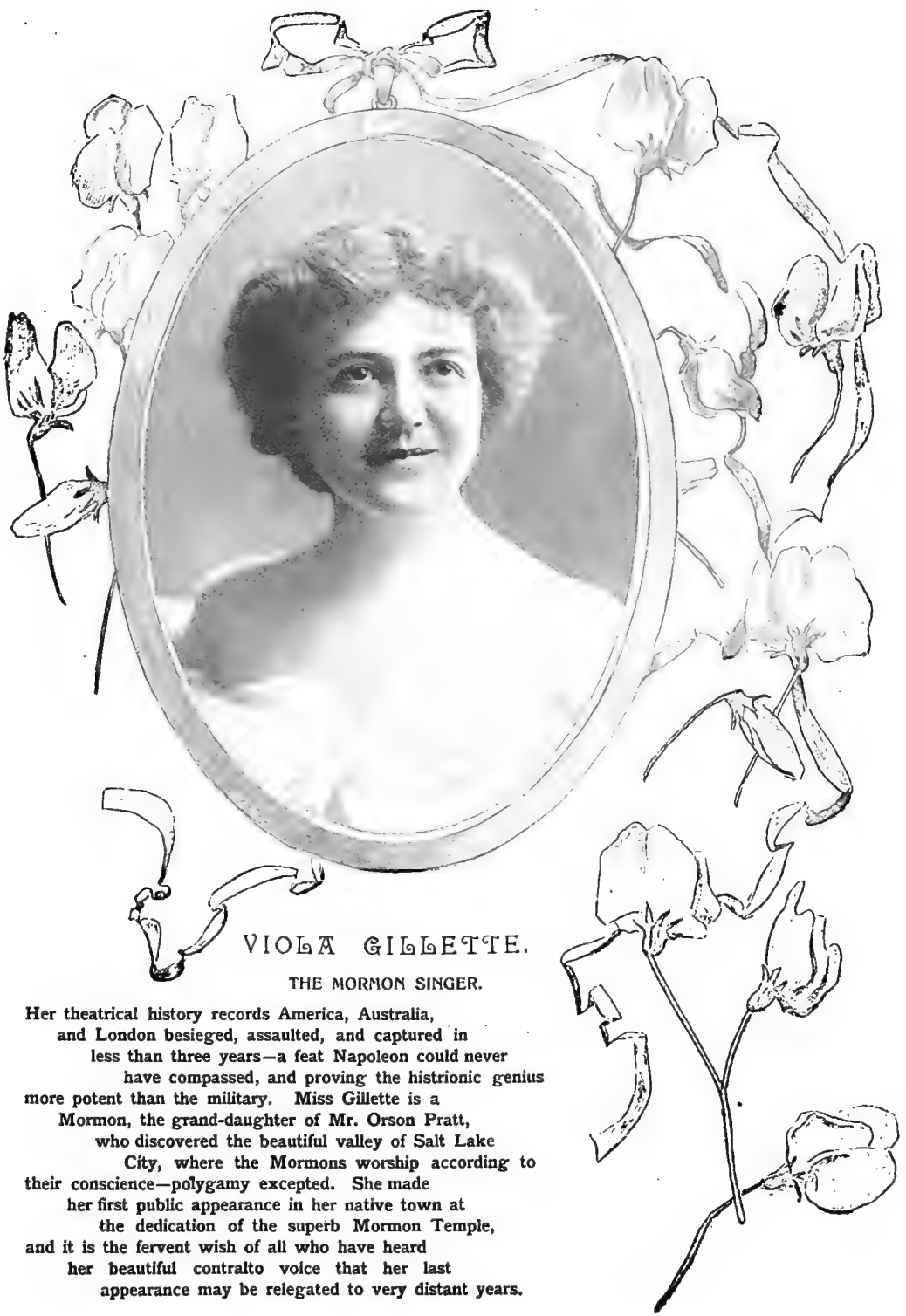
VIOLA GILLETTE.

THE MORMON SINGER.

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Photo, W. & D. Downey.

VIOLET LLOYD.

In spite of her phenomenal success, she somehow gives you the impression of disillusion. Her manner is so quiet, reserved, almost constrained; she refuses to prattle of her experiences and triumphs.

You wonder: can this be the girl whose reckless gaiety is the delight of stalls and gallery? The same, indeed, and yet how different! It is easy to see that she has no very violent love for her profession. "It is a hard life, indeed," she murmurs languidly; "but if a girl is fairly successful, she can make more money on the stage than anywhere else. This is the best that can be said of it." And Miss Lloyd knows what she is talking about. She went on the stage at the age of ten.

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Photo, Bassano.

NANCY GIRLING.

"Does the greyhound envy the elephant?" is the reflection you carry away with you from an interview with this charming actress. Slender and lithe and tall, this perverse girl grumbles at harsh fate for not having given her an embonpoint figure and a round, chubby face, and a nice little nose. So perverse, indeed, is Miss Girling, that a short while since she refused an offer of marriage from a country parson. "Life in a country vicarage may be very exalted," she said, "but, sad to relate, I think it would bore me in time." Her outlook on life is most philosophical. Odious people she refuses to detest. "It is their nature, poor things! and they can't help it." Men are bearable in moderation, and he who wishes to meet with Miss Girling's entire approval must be a judicious mixture of brain and biceps.

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"BOBS"

AN UNRECORDED CAMPAIGN

BY

LOUIS TRACY

Two great armies were drawn up in battle array. They were in deadly proximity. The firing lines of each force were separated by not more than three feet. The gunners could see the whites of their opponents' eyes. The cavalry, in the old days, would have already darkened the air with flights of javelins.

But this was no battle of the middle ages, with hosts of archers and bands of steel-plated knights. Everything was intensely modern, and the sun never yet shone upon a braver exhibition of all the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war."

Howitzers and pom-poms, Long Toms and 4·7 "Powerfuls," Lee-Metfords and Mausers, lance, sword, and bayonet—all the fearsome engines of scientific warfare—were gathered in grim preparation for the ensuing slaughter. On the one side was ranged rank after rank of the Boer army, each man astride of a sturdy little pony.

Bearded, saucer-eyed, and slouch-hatted, these warriors looked to be eminently serviceable, and their bandoliers were crammed with cartridges of portentous size. To show the extent of Dopper contempt for the rooineks, they carried their rifles slung behind their backs, though the entire British army, horse, foot, and artillery, was about to assault them in force, and at such close quarters as might well have blanched the cheek of Wellington himself.

The first murderous onslaught was to be delivered by the C.I.V.'s, easily distinguishable by their khaki uniforms and broad-leafed hats looped up with bunches of cock's feathers.

They were as bright and eager for the fray as the most enthusiastic Londoner could wish them. Some carried their rifles at the "trail," others at the "slope." They were all running, towards the enemy of course, and every man was poised on one leg.

Behind them marched the Guards, not attired in the sombre garments in which democratic militarism has clothed all branches of Her Majesty's service when actively

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engaged in the field, but resplendent in the scarlet coats and towering bearskins so often seen among the trees in St. James's Park.

They were headed by their band, and in front of all strode a magnificent big drummer, whose glittering gold lace and spotless sheepskin must have rendered him the cynosure of every eye in the Boer force.

On the right flank galloped, or pranced, or trotted, or stood—but all in admirable dressing—a strange gathering of mounted men. Cuirassed Life-Guards, bold dragoons, smart Lancers and Hussars, members of Paget's Horse, Canadian troopers, and Australian Bushmen rode in successive squadrons.

Very much in advance, General French frantically waved his sword, while, in the immediate rear, were two guns of the Naval Brigade with a squad of Handy Men in attendance.

But it was on the left wing that the artillery made the most imposing display. Here were assembled guns of all calibres. A combined salvo from the lot must, at such a close range, annihilate every Boer in the field.

The Transvaalers, indifferent to danger though they seemed, would be considered very badly supplied with cannon, were it not that a British Mountain Battery—doubtless imbued with native love of fair play—had lent their services for the occasion. But the Boers did possess one portentous weapon.

It was a French quick-firer, so gigantic that the tallest man on the biggest horse present did not even approach the height of its axle. This monster dominated the entire *terrain*, and its moral effect, so far as looks went, was appalling,

The British Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal Lord Roberts, attended by a solitary staff-officer (unrecognisable), surveyed operations from the top of a lofty eminence, but the Boer army had no visible leader, each fighting farmer being apparently left to his own devices.

Immediately in rear of the Boer lines, however, was a mysterious-looking square box, about twice the height of an average mounted man. Its massive proportions suggested a veiled horror. Perchance within that box was hidden the means wherewith the allied Republics intended to stagger humanity. Strangest feature of this martial spectacle, not a kopje was to be seen, save that on which Lord Roberts and his *aide* stood, and Briton and Boer alike scorned cover or trench.

The bright sun of a summer's afternoon shone in through the drawing-room windows of a house in North London and lit up the battle-field, a Turkey carpet, whilst Master Robert Fraser, aged six, the capitalist, or Imperialist, who had arranged this fell combat, surveyed his disposition of men and *matériel* with pardonable pride.

He laughed with such gleeful anticipation of the approaching slaughter that Jack, a fox terrier, jumped out of an arm-chair to see what had happened, whereupon General French and his charger fell headlong to the ground.

"Naughty Jack," cried the imperious Bobs—"Bobby" had sufficed before the war, but now he would answer to no other name than the familiar title of England's most famous general—"Naughty Jack, why don't you go away?"

Jack wagged his tail before sitting upon it at some distance behind the British massed artillery, a most unsafe position, as it transpired. General French was righted with difficulty. And the wonder was that his charger could stand at all, for in some previous struggle the poor beast's off fore-leg had been shot off clean from the shoulder, and close scrutiny revealed the place where the missing limb had been nailed on.

As it was, the animal could just maintain the appearance of a hard gallop, and the slightest tremor, not of fear, but of the earth itself, served to place the gallant cavalry leader *hors de combat*, for he was absolutely inseparable from his steed.

The discovery of this grave defect in the mount of such an important officer might have led the careful onlooker to note other strange discrepancies.

Notwithstanding the shining panoply of the combatants, it was painfully evident that they were old campaigners. Arms and legs were missing among both officers and men, and the reason Lord Roberts's staff-officer, standing beside the Commander-in-Chief on top of a foot-stool, could not be recognised, was found in the not uncommon reason that he had lost his head.

But now the first shot was fired. It came from the Boer's enormous cannon, which fired a monster wooden shell with a hollow in its base designed to hold a paper percussion cap.

The missile, therefore, was not only impelled by a powerful spring, but caused dismay by its loud explosion.

Aimed at the British artillery, the direction of the shot was good, but the elevation high.

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The shell missed the guns but struck Jack's nose, and the fox terrier bounded with a yelp into the depths of his distant arm-chair.

"Poor Jack!" cried the boy, running after him. Jack whimpered a little, then smiled (oh, yes, dogs can smile), and curled up tremulously.

"But really, Jack," continued Bobs severely, "you are the silliest dog I ever knew. No dog should stand in front of a loaded cannon, especially when it is fired."

Jack said nothing, but was evidently quite determined not to do such a thing again.

Then the battle re-commenced. The British horse artillery—a really fine-looking battery for which Bobs's father gave 7s. 6d. in a fit of wild extravagance—opened fire on the Boers. Their small brass guns discharged a weird projectile, made of solid iron wire, as long and as thick as the bore of each gun, and propelled with considerable force by a strong lever.

The first of these terrible shells skidded along the carpet like a chain-shot of olden days, and swept three of the stolid Boers out of its path. The next went harmlessly through the gap thus made in the enemy's ranks, and the third struck the uncanny wooden box—which might have contained a million or two in gold from its comparative size — but did no damage.

It was now the Boer's turn. The British Mountain Battery, four guns usually packed on mules, but now fitted into their little carriages, did serious mischief to the City Imperials, to the Guards, who lost their big drummer among other casualties, and to the artillery.

The sailors countered with the two 4·7's, demolishing the Boer left wing after taking ground to the right, as in their original

'Naughty Jack," cried the imperious Bobs . . . "Why don't you go away?"

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position they must have blown French's cavalry division into fragments.

The Boer Long Tom came again into action. This time the aim was good. The gigantic block of wood pitched right in the midst of the Royal Horse Artillery.

One gun was turned clean over, and out of eighteen mounted gunners only three remained fit for action, as the falling soldiers, even if not hit by the shell, overturned their comrades.

This sad mishap was rectified at the point of the bayonet. There was a general advance of cavalry and infantry, in which General French, though prostrate many times, always righted himself.

When not a Boer was left standing, the sailors and Royal Horse Artillery — rejuvenated with wondrous rapidity — commenced to bombard the square box. Shot after shot got home, but without appreciable effect, until at last the Boer Long Tom was captured and fired point-blank at it.

The third shell hit a concealed spring, the lid flew open, and Mr. Kruger bounced up, top-hat, whiskers, shabby frock coat and huge pipe, all complete.

Such a yell of triumph went up at this *denoûment*, that Mrs. Fraser came in from the library, where she had been sewing, to learn what caused the uproar, whilst Jack's eyes were wide open and staring at the apparition from the box. Clearly he wondered if it was not advisable to go and shake the thing.

"But really, Jack," continued Bobs severely, "you are the silliest dog I ever knew."

"What is all the noise about, Bobs?" cried his mother.

"Oh, mummy dear," he said, "I have had such a *beautiful* fight. Every Boer is killed and Kruger is caught."

His mother smiled at the scene of carnage, and Bobs was picked up from the floor and hugged. He was a delicate though lively little chap.

"But listen, mummy," he whispered, "do you think daddy will buy me Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking?"

"I am quite sure he won't," was the laughing answer. "Let me catch him wasting a guinea on such nonsense. Why, you

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spend every penny you get on soldiers and break them to pieces next day."

So Bobs was carried off to the library, and Jack trotted in after the pair, for Jack liked company.

* * *

The tide of war might ebb or flow as it listed in South Africa, there was but one result to every battle in that North London drawing-room. Magersfontein, Paardeberg, Spion Kop, or Ladysmith Relieved, it was all the same. Every time were the Boers destroyed, and yet again they faced their battered assailants with dogged indifference and unslung rifles.

Various shillings were expended in bringing up recruits and mercenaries, an ambulance waggon and armoured train were added to the warlike outfit, but Bobs still sighed in vain for Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking.

Really, a guinea for a toy was an extravagance not to be thought of, so Bobs did his best with the mixed battalions he already possessed.

But one sad day in rainy September, a careless nurse allowed Bobs to sit on the damp grass in the garden, whilst the boy was energetically trying to instruct a miserable and shivering Jack in the art of balancing biscuits on his nose and tossing them in the air before eating them. So Bobs became ill.

He was hot and feverish that night, and not all his mother's skill could avail to mitigate the evil effects of the chill.

Next day the doctor came.

"It is a bad cold," he said. "He must be kept in bed and the temperature of the room must be maintained at 70°. We must first reduce this attack of fever and then tackle the cough which is sure to come, for his lungs are slightly congested. I will send you a mixture."

The days passed and Bobs grew worse. He was often delirious now, and in this state he fought all his old battles over again, wringing the hearts of both father and mother by a pathetic echo of his former gaiety in cheering on his troops or applauding some particularly lucky shot.

Often the tiny voice would be heard lamenting the absence of Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking, and tears would spring unbidden to the parents' eyes at such moments.

Frequently the doctor heard him and wondered what the child meant by the phrase, though he did not think it necessary to inquire more closely after Mrs. Fraser's first sobbing explanation of her little one's fondness for toy soldiers.

At last the fever abated, and with it went the dry hacking cough which not only convulsed the slight frame of the sufferer, but nearly maddened his parents with the sense of their helplessness.

Nevertheless, Bobs did not gain in strength. His lethargy was almost more hopeless than the disturbing violence of the earlier attack. He would neither eat nor talk, nor do anything but lie there wasting quietly to a shadow.

Then a day came when the doctor looked grave and suggested to Mr. Fraser a consultation with a very eminent specialist.

"I do not think he will vary my treatment," he said, "but it will be more satisfactory to you."

The father knew what this meant, and bowed his head in silent anguish. Then he signified his wish that the specialist should be sent for.

The great man came, listened to the history of the case, surveyed temperature charts kept by the professional nurse whom Mr. Fraser had long since engaged to take the burden of incessant watching from his wife's shoulders, felt Bobs's pulse, used a stethoscope, put a clinical thermometer under his tongue, and did all those things which are the outward and visible signs of the consulting physician. He departed from routine in so far that he did not retire to another room for a private talk with the family doctor.

"The congestion is gone," he said, "and there is not a sign of fever. But the little chap's vitality is very low. I should say he is a child in whom the mental dominates the physical. If we could only stimulate the brain, arouse his interest in something, I should have hopes for him. As it is, he is in a dangerous state of collapse."

"He is very fond of soldiers," said the heart-broken mother. "He was always playing with them—with toy soldiers, I mean."

"Has he seen his toys recently?"

"Yes. Here they are. He notices them if arranged on a table, but only for a moment."

"By-the-way, Mrs. Fraser," put in the other doctor, "when in delirium, he often spoke of Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking. What was he alluding to?"

The specialist, during this conversation, fixed his eyes on Bobs and noticed that a

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flicker of animation passed over the little face at his colleague's question.

Mr. Fraser explained.

"Once when he was walking with me," he said, "we passed a toy shop where there was a fort or castle, surrounded by a moat with a drawbridge and a gateway. A toy soldier with a Union Jack was standing on a sort of central tower or keep, and Bobs would have it that the place was Mafeking and the soldier Colonel Baden-Powell. He set his heart upon having it, so I inquired the price. It was a guinea and I thought it too dear. I wish now——" but he could go no further.

Never for an instant had the strange doctor withdrawn his attention from Bobs, who listlessly turned in his cot towards the group and gazed at them with wide-open though sleepy eyes.

The specialist whispered to the nurse: "Try and get him to doze a little while," and then motioned to the others to accompany him out of the room.

When the door was softly closed, he said to Mr. Fraser:

"Where is this toy-shop with the fort? Is it close at hand?"

"Quite near. Between this house and Regent's Park."

"Come with me. I will drive you there. I have an experiment in my mind that is, at least, worth trying."

Half an hour later, the two doctors with Mr. and Mrs. Fraser, crept noiselessly into the sick room, and Jack, the fox terrier, slunk in unseen behind them. Bobs was slumbering, with fitful and laborious breath.

The specialist carried in his hand a most mediæval castle, with hoary battlements and bright green clumps of ivy. This he placed on a table just the height of Bobs's bed. All over the castle walls, in the gateway, and about the inner court-yard, he stationed Soldiers of the Queen from Bobs's miscellaneous collection, and General French, on his prancing charger, occupied a prominent position on the lowered drawbridge.

The day came when the doctor looked grave.

On the topmost tower stood a brand new Khaki officer, his right hand clasping the pole of a resplendent Union Jack, and no one who saw him could possibly doubt that this was a life-like presentment of the hero of Mafeking.

"Wake him, nurse, and offer him some milk, but contrive to turn him this way."

The soft voice spoke to Bobs and the

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skilled hands raised him gently, but the poor little fellow was so limp that he had hardly strength to refuse the proffered glass.

Suddenly his eyes caught the glorious display upon the table.

Wider and wider they opened in sheer astonishment. Resolutely, almost eagerly, he tried to balance himself on his left arm so as to view more clearly the marvellous spectacle. At last he was convinced. It was really true.

"Oh, mummy," he cried, with a full clear voice not heard during many weary weeks. "Oh, mummy, it is Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking!"

His mother could hardly trust herself to speak.

"Yes, darling, it is," was all she could say.

"Where is my Long Tom?" said Bobs, after another long gaze at the enchanted castle.

"Here, sweet one," and she produced the big French cannon out of a heap of toys hidden by a screen.

Alack and alas, Bobs wanted to fire at Baden-Powell and the Siege of Mafeking forthwith. His weak fingers were not equal to the task of loading the gun by compressing the breech, so the specialist forthwith acted as his deputy, and for the next ten minutes did some marvellous execution among the occupants of the fort.

General French fell at the very first shot, not because he was hit, but because the drawbridge shook, and Bobs actually laughed.

"He always does that," he chuckled. "His gee-gee lost a leg, but he can fight just the same."

And then Bobs became very tired. He actually asked for a drink, and gulped down quite a quantity of milk.

"Three ounces," said the nurse to the specialist, with the pride of a professional triumph kindling her face.

Bobs took one last look at Mafeking and Baden-Powell, who, by the way, had carried his banner unscathed through the storm of wooden shells. Then he cuddled up in his cot with some degree of animated ease.

"I am sleepy now, mummy," he said, "but you won't take them away, will you?"

"No, dear. They will be here when you awake, for certain."

Then Bobs passed into the sound and restful sleep that means renewed life.

"That is all right," said the eminent specialist. "Milk, beef essence, and light puddings for a day or two, with care that he is not allowed out too soon. You will soon see your boy as strong as ever, Mrs. Fraser."

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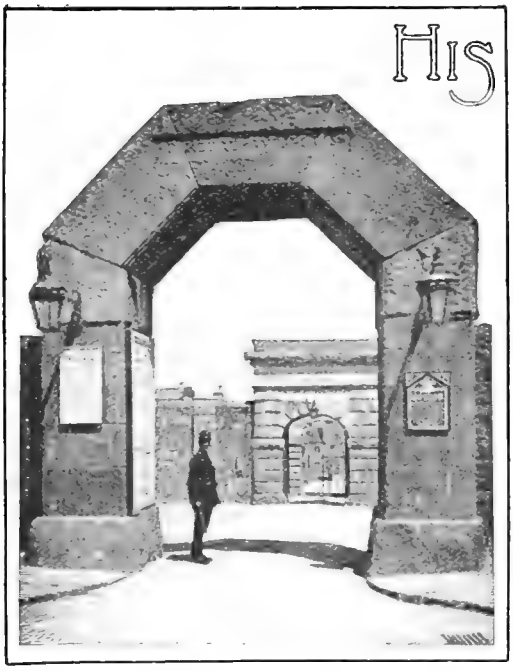

The first gateway of Dartmoor Prison.

His Majesty's Unwilling Guests

A Special Account of a Convict's Life at Dartmoor Prison.

By H. L. Adam.

Photographs by A. J. Campbell.

I recently undertook a journey, from London to Dartmoor, with a mission. My objective was Dartmoor Prison. I had with me a photographer, who brought along with him an imposing array of apparatus. Through the courtesy of the Prison Commissioners arrangements had been made for our reception.

Princetown is a very small village—you cannot call it a town—and you can almost count the buildings of any importance on the fingers of one hand. The most important, of course, is the prison, and to this we quickly made our way. It is distant but a few minutes' walk from the station. On the left you pass the churchyard, and on the right the warders' quarters. Nearly every building is composed of either stone or granite, lending a stern and uncompromising aspect to the place.

On the right is the main entrance to the prison. The first gateway, which is of granite, formed part of the original prison, in which the French and American prisoners of war were confined, and in which many died, in the early part of the nineteenth century. At the top are deep graven the words, "*Parcere Subjectis*" (To spare the fallen).

It were hardly necessary for me to state, but I will just mention it at the outset, that the strictest discipline prevails at Dartmoor Prison. We were handed from one officer to another with a "Stay here, please!" in between each, and an "All correct!" afterwards. This is a prison formula, and if we heard it once we heard it a hundred times. Finally we reached the Governor's quarters, and were received by the Deputy-Governor. Upon presenting our credentials, everything was found to be in order, and a special warder was told off to pilot us through and about the prison. We kept this official very busy for close upon two days.

I propose, first, to deal with the officers. Altogether there are 178. These include labour warders, assistant warders, principal warders, chief warder, and civil guard. The last-named, who always carry fixed bayonets, do duty along the outer wall, at the quarries, and with outside gangs. The principal warders are armed with swords, and the assistants, outside, with loaded carbines, and inside with truncheons.

Quite military discipline prevails among the officers. They salute their superiors, and address each other as "Sir." So assiduous are these men in the execution of their duties, so complete and perfect is the system of espionage which obtains in the establishment, that it is no exaggeration to say that not for a single moment is a prisoner out of the eye of one official or another.

There is a watch tower at the quarries, and another in the prison. These are round structures, with a small windowed apartment at the top, and a signal post rising from the centre. The latter is something like a railway signal-post, fitted with several semaphores, which drop flush into the post, and are worked out by means of wires. The code of

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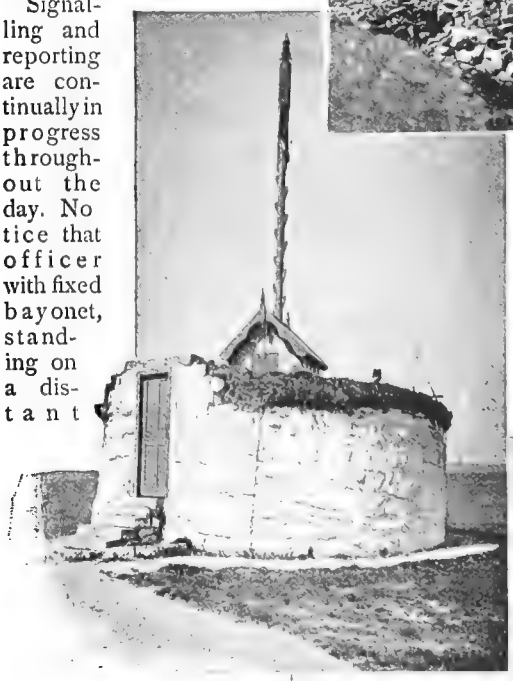
signals is secret, but the watchmen are able to report to headquarters anything that is in progress at any spot by means of the semaphores. Upon these towers officers are constantly stationed, sweeping the surrounding country with their telescopes, and receiving reports, some of them from a working two miles away on the moor.

Signalling and reporting are continually in progress throughout the day. Notice that officer with fixed bayonet, standing on a distant



The watch tower at the quarries.

eminence, strongly silhouetted against the sky; he has been parading up and down, but he stops suddenly, and holds out his right arm. Turn and look into the valley, and you will see another officer reply by signal: "All correct."

The prison day begins with the ringing of a bell at ten minutes past five, when the prisoners rise. At

General view of the quarries.

half-past five the officers come in. At a quarter to six breakfast is served, and at seven service is held in the chapel. At 7.15 the men turn out for parade and labour; they are searched, and marched out to their various occupations, each batch being numbered and counted. In the operation of searching the prisoner takes off his cap with his right hand, and stands with his arms outstretched; the officer then goes down him, back and front, from top to toe. The whole thing is done very expeditiously, as indeed are most things in this establishment, for time is an important factor in its proper conduct.

An officer inside the watch tower.

The gangs return at eleven-ten, when the counting and searching are repeated, and they retire to their cells. Dinner is served at eleven-twenty-five, and they go back to work at one. The day's labour is finished at five, and supper is served at quarter-past. At eight they go to bed. Between supper and bed prisoners may do as they please with their

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time within the limits of their cells. Some read—most of the cells are well furnished with books—others write. I saw in one of the cells the draft of a letter pencilled on a slate, addressed to a "Dear Friend," and beginning, "No doubt you are sorry that I am here—."

It had evidently been a task of considerable difficulty to the writer, who was not too well gifted in caligraphy. A warder informed me that the prisoner would go on adding to and improving the epistle till he was thoroughly satisfied with it, when it would be produced on paper and dispatched in the usual manner.

A labour gang crossing the prison yard. Observe the prisoner with his hand before his face.

This is practically the routine, day in, day out; year in, year out. There were close on a thousand prisoners in occupation upon the occasion of my visit. Seven had just been released, and eleven fresh ones soon after arrived. They were driven over from Tavistock in a hired brake, which was fitted with black curtains all round. Most prisoners for Dartmoor are taken to Tavistock, because the journey can be made direct. If they go to Princetown they have to change.

I saw the prisoners paraded on several occasions. Among them I noticed some truly hideous faces, such faces that I thought I never should encounter during my life's journeyings. Independent of the prison dress, which, of course, is not calculated to impart an air of elegance to the wearer, these faces were superlatively ugly — physically and morally. They were the faces of men cradled in crime, and in all human probability destined to die in it. Obviously it is well for society at large that such creatures are safely impounded.

But, speaking generally, the majority—a large majority—were men of really pleasant

Checking the convicts after labour hours on their return to prison.

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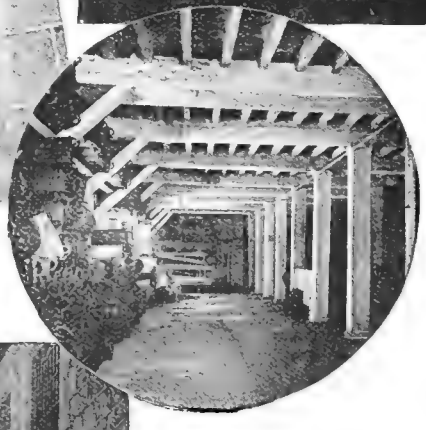
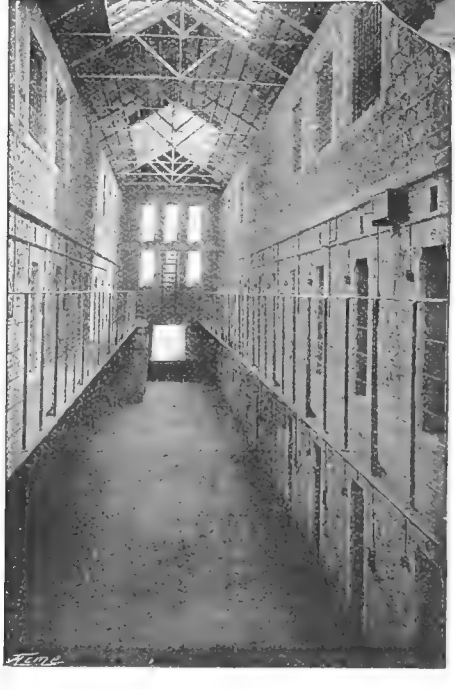
Refractory cell secured with three doors, two on the left and one on the right.

Interior of an ordinary cell.



The "Old Association Ward," in which the French prisoners of war were kept at the beginning of the last century. It is now used as a store room.



Entrance to new stone cells, not yet in use.

countenance, in some instances quite prepossessing in spite of the unfavourable conditions of their environment. They seemed quite content, moving about their tasks with alacrity and interest. This is not surprising, for the life is really much better than that led by some of them in the outer world. There is quite an amount of geniality and kindness between warder and prisoner when the latter is well-behaved and tractable. Instead of being regarded as a mere cypher, prisoners are often addressed by name. This, explained a warder, is much better than using a number, or no distinction at all, for when they are in a group it is difficult for a man to know when he is spoken to.

Every prisoner is taught to read and write up to the age of forty, provided he needs it, and a great many do. This is as it should be, for crime is largely the outcome of ignorance. They are also taught a trade, and herein lies the beauty of the system. Every man is an asset. He is productive. He is learning a trade, and while he is perfecting himself in it he is contributing to his own maintenance. That is a great improvement on the old method of non-productive labour. Even his punishment for rule-breaking is a saving in rations. As to the kind of trade to be adopted, a prisoner's

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physical fitness and personal inclinations are studied.

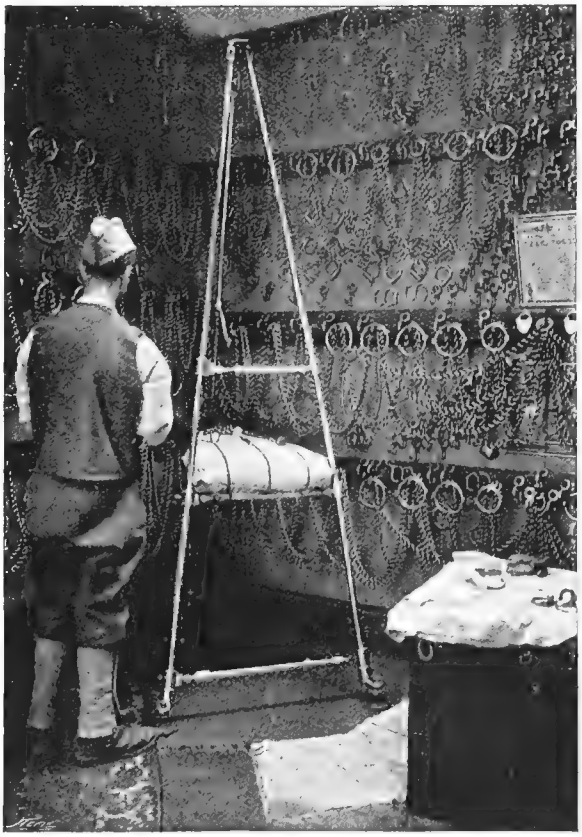
When a man has completed his sentence he is given a new suit of clothes and any money which is due to him on account of good marks. In a five years' sentence he may earn £4, and £6 in a seven years' sentence. The latter is the most that can be earned. If prisoners behave well they also have a remission of one-fourth of their term, and during the last three months they are permitted to grow their hair and beard. If they were convicted in London they are returned there for identification and subsequently released. If they were convicted in the country they may claim to be discharged either in the country or in London.

A gang returning home.

When a prisoner first arrives he is supplied with a drab cloth jacket, moleskin breeches, and short gaiters. In his second period he wears black facings, a short piece of cloth on the neck, and another on the sleeve. In the third period the facings are yellow. In the last year of a term not less than seven years, a "special service" dress is worn, all blue.

A few of the farm hands, who are to a certain extent privileged prisoners, wear jackets of blue, with red collars and cuffs. All prisoners wear what is called a "slop" jacket, which is blue with red stripes. The black dress is a punishment dress, which is worn by those who assault the warders. It is really a particolour dress. One half the tunic is black, and the opposite leg of the breeches; the remainder is drab. I saw only one man wearing this, a bad-tempered man, said the warder, who was repeatedly refractory.

For tearing up their clothes they get a stiff canvas suit, which is very uncomfortable, particularly when it gets wet. I saw three prisoners wearing this dress, and strangely enough they were nearly all of a size, small and insignificant. It looked as though the spirit of mischief had some relation to physique. In the case of a life sentence the letter "L" is affixed to the sleeve. Life sentences are reconsidered at the end of twenty years.



The chain room.

In the matter of photographs we encountered some peculiar experiences. We made our initial essay in the carpenters' shop, and met with a rebuff at the outset. A prisoner may object to being

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The bath rooms.

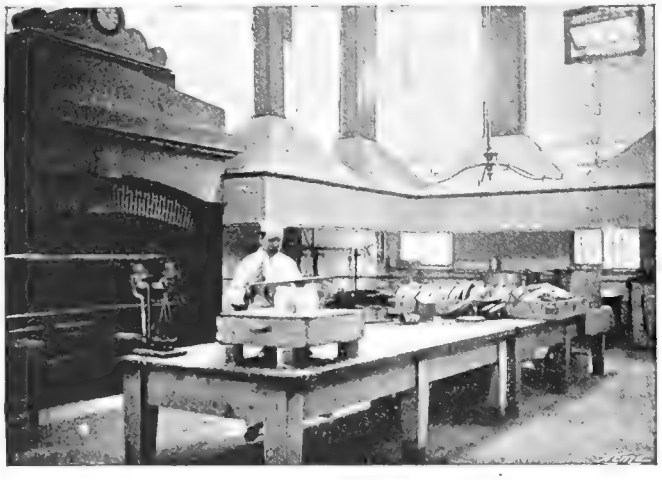
photographed for other than prison purposes, and his objection is always allowed. A prisoner in the carpenters' shop objected vehemently, and he was permitted to retire. He said he had once seen his portrait in the *Hue and Cry*, and that was quite enough for him. He was an old man — a coiner — and had practically spent his whole life in prison.

Convicts washing the plates.

Another man near him said he did not mind how he was taken, back or front, and so the picture was arranged accordingly. We started out with the intention of not photographing any prisoners in such a way that they should be recognisable, and we endeavoured to maintain this rule. Many prisoners, however, were almost anxious to appear in a recognisable position, but were not allowed.

There are two chapels — Catholic and Protestant. The former has the finest altar in Devon. It is made of granite, and was carved, polished, and painted by a prisoner. The workmanship is of the very best class, and it stands out in distinguished relief against the other and simpler decorations of the edifice.

Here, in these Dartmoor chapels, Divine worship is not a mere social function, a reunion of scandal-mongering neighbours, for the exploitation of fashionable garb; there is no purple bag passed round to support the dignity of ecclesiastical pomp. It is rather the worship of the Middle Ages, when the creed of Christ first dawned upon a benighted people. I was pleased and surprised to note the reverential attention of the congregation.



The prison kitchen.

The Prison Farm consists of 2000 acres, 1000 of which is re-claimed moorland. The process of preparing the ground for

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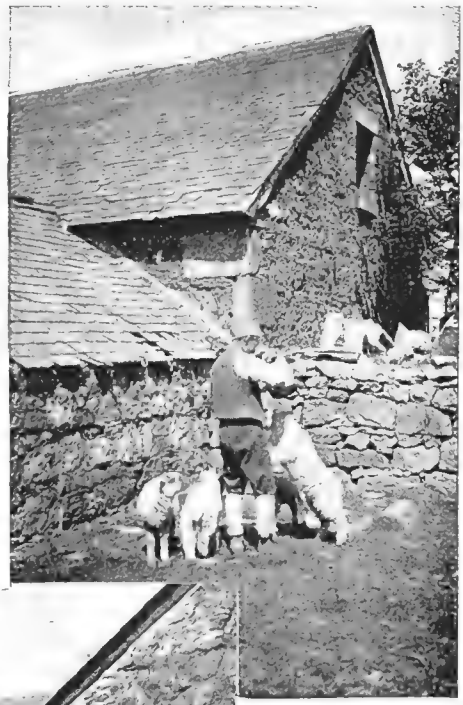
cultivation is very laborious, and not entirely satisfactory when accomplished. There are many drawbacks to contend with from the nature of the soil, the climate, and the growths which are indigenous to the district. Deep trenching, an elaborate system of drainage, and extensive manuring form the chief labours. Every acre of ground has to be treated with five tons of white lime, and of course stones in abundance have to be removed. Wheat can be grown, and though it will not ripen, produces good straw; luxuriant grasses are raised, but last only until they are choked out of existence by mosses and reeds. When this happens a further process of treatment becomes necessary.

All the work is carried out by the convicts, and I saw them busy at the various branches of labour—digging, sowing, weeding, manuring, milking, and feeding the live stock. From the farm bailiff I obtained the following figures concerning their live stock. There is an average of 80 horses and ponies, 450 sheep, and 130 cattle. There is also a very extensive piggery, but this was rather sparsely populated on account of a recent outbreak of swine fever, during which over 130 had to be slaughtered. The convicts are very successful at pony and cart-horse breeding, and realise some good prices at the annual sale. Among many other quaint and interesting things I saw a prison-bred pony in a trap which was made by a prisoner, a coach-builder.

I have already mentioned that a few of the farm hands are privileged prisoners, inasmuch as they are in the last year of their term.

One of these hands puzzled me considerably for a time, and set me on to a train of thought the end of which revealed an unpleasant truth. I had it from the bailiff, a communicative and genial Scot, that this prisoner was an accomplished farmer, and had done much excellent work. The man had served several terms. He had one of the most inviting and pleasing countenances I have ever seen in or out of prison; his face was constantly wreathed in smiles, and that he was possessed of kindly instincts was



A unique snapshot of one of the convicts and his pet lambs.

The farm buildings at Dartmoor.

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A gang of convicts reclaiming the moor.

On the farm. Convicts rolling the ground.

clearly demonstrated by his treatment of three motherless lambs. The ewe had died while her offspring were at a very tender age, and this convict was acting the part of foster parent to the young, feeding and tending them with the greatest solicitude. They were in fact known throughout the farm as So-and-So's pet lambs.

Later I saw this same man, with a fellow prisoner, sowing grass seed broadcast. It was not difficult to detect the professional from the amateur. He of the lambs was using both hands with wonderful speed and clockwork regularity; the other was using one hand only.

This individual haunted my memory for quite a while, until at length that perpetual smile gave me the key to an explanation—a weak mind. Evil associations did the rest.

On the way to the prison you pass the churchyard on the left, with its quaint stone church, which was under repair upon the occasion of my visit. The weather was brilliant, and Dartmoor was looking its brightest and best. The sun shone fierce from a cloudless sky, the air was laden with sweet perfumes, and was musical with the hum of myriads of winged insects.

The turf in the churchyard was long and luxuriant, and distributed about it were a few snow-white headstones. Not many—there was no crowding. Death settles all accounts, and here in this "God's Acre" those who succumb in this dismal home of punishment are given decent burial.

Many sleep the last long slumber in nameless graves, with not even a mound to mark their resting-place. Others there are whose friends, loving them in life in spite of their shortcomings, have been enabled to pay a last tribute to their memory in the form of an inscribed headstone. But even in death they are dominated by the cold, grey walls of the officers' quarters.

One peculiarity about the prison is the presence of large numbers of birds, particularly crows, which circle about and perch upon the walls, emitting their hoarse croakings the while, like vultures upon the Towers of Silence in India.

My guide informed me that about two score years ago there was not a single bird to be seen near the prison, but that one day an officer brought a few sparrows into it, and these enticed others, and so they continued to increase until they had attained considerable numbers.

In conclusion, I wish to tender my heartiest thanks to the following gentlemen:—To the Prison Commissioners, for their courtesy in affording me such excellent facilities for my task; to Mr. W. H. O. Russell, governor, and Mr. Platt, deputy-governor; to the chief warder and principal warder Luscombe, for their kindly assistance.

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THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH IN PERCY STREET.

Being the Sixth of the Series of

"LONDON MYSTERIES."

By Baroness E. Orczy.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Man *in the corner seat of the A.B.C. shop who explains the mystery to the* Lady Journalist, *who narrates the story.*
Mrs. Owen (*caretaker, found dead in Percy Street*).
Arthur Greenhill (*suspected of Mrs. Owen's murder*).
Charles Pitt (*artist*).

I.

That day I went to the A.B.C. shop with a fixed purpose, that of making the man in the corner give me his views of Mrs. Owen's mysterious death in Percy Street.

It certainly had always interested and puzzled me. I had had countless arguments with relations and friends as to the three great possible solutions of the puzzle—"Accident, Suicide, Murder?"

"Undoubtedly neither accident nor suicide," he said drily.

I was not aware that I had spoken. What an uncanny habit that creature had of reading my thoughts!

"You incline to the idea, then, that Mrs. Owen was murdered. Do you know by whom?"

He laughed, and drew forth the piece of string he always fidgetted with when unravelling some mystery.

"You would like to know who murdered that old woman?" he asked at last.

"I would like to hear your views on the subject." I replied.

"I have no views," he said drily. "No one can know who murdered the woman, since no one ever saw the person who did it. No one can give the faintest description of the mysterious man who alone could have committed that clever deed, and the police are playing a game of blind man's buff."

"But you must have formed some theory of your own," I persisted.

It annoyed me that the funny creature was obstinate about this point, and I tried to nettle his vanity.

"I suppose that as a matter of fact your original remark that 'there are no such things as mysteries' does not apply universally. There is a mystery—that of the death in Percy Street, and you, like the police, are unable to fathom it."

He pulled up his eyebrows and looked at me for a minute or two.

"Confess that that murder was one of the cleverest bits of work, accomplished outside Russian diplomacy," he said with a nervous

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laugh, "I must say that were I the judge, called upon to pronounce sentence of death on the man who conceived that murder, I could not bring myself to do it. I would politely request the gentleman to enter our Foreign Office—we have need of such men. The whole *mise-en-scéne* was truly artistic, worthy of its *milieu* — Rubens Studios in Percy Street, Tottenham Court Road.

"Have you ever noticed them? They are only studios by name, and are merely a set of rooms in a corner house, with the windows slightly enlarged, and the rents charged accordingly in consideration of that additional five inches of smoky daylight, filtering through dusty windows. On the ground floor there is the order office of some stained glass works, with a workshop in the rear, and on the first floor landing, a small room allotted to the caretaker, with gas, coal, and fifteen shillings a week, for which princely income, she is deputed to keep tidy and clean the general aspect of the house.

"Mrs. Owen, who was the caretaker in January, 1898, was a quiet, respectable woman, who eked out her scanty wages by sundry—mostly very meagre—tips doled out to her by impecunious artists in exchange for promiscuous domestic services in and about the respective studios.

"But if Mrs. Owen's earnings were not large, they were very regular, and she had no fastidious tastes. She and her cockatoo lived on her wages; and all the tips added up, and never spent, year after year, went to swell a very comfortable little account at interest in the Bambridge Bank. This little account had mounted up to a very tidy sum, and the thrifty widow—or old maid—no one ever knew which she was—was generally referred to by the young artists of the Rubens Studios as a 'lady of means'—but this is a digression.

"No one slept on the premises except Mrs. Owen and her cockatoo. The rule was that one by one as the tenants left their rooms in the evening, they took their respective keys to the caretaker's room. She would then in the early morning, tidy and dust the studios, and the office downstairs, lay the fire and carry up coals.

"The foreman of the glass works was the first to arrive in the morning. He had a latch-key, and let himself in, after which it was the custom of the house that he should leave the street door open for the benefit of the other tenants and their visitors.

"Usually, when he came at about nine o'clock, he found Mrs. Owen busy about the house doing her work, and he had often a brief chat with her about the weather, but on this particular morning of February 2nd he neither saw nor heard her. However, as the shop had been tidied and the fire laid, he surmised that Mrs. Owen had finished her work earlier than usual, and thought no more about it. One by one the tenants of the Studios turned up, and the day sped on without anyone's attention being drawn noticeably to the fact that the caretaker had not appeared upon the scene.

"It had been a bitterly cold night, and the day was even worse; a cutting north easterly gale was blowing, there had been a great deal of snow during the night which lay quite thick on the ground, and at five o'clock in the afternoon when the last glimmer of the pale winter daylight had disappeared, the confraternity of the brush put palette and easel aside and prepared to go home. The first to leave was Mr. Charles Pitt; he locked up his studio and as usual took his key into the caretaker's room.

"He had just opened the door when an icy blast literally struck him in the face, both the windows were wide open, and the snow and sleet were beating thickly into the room, forming already a white carpet upon the floor.

"The room was in semi-obscurity, and at first Mr. Pitt saw nothing, but instinctively realising that something was wrong, he lit a match, and saw before him the spectacle of that awful and mysterious tragedy which has ever since puzzled both police and public. On the floor, already half covered by the drifting snow, lay the body of Mrs. Owen face downwards, in a nightgown, with feet and ankles bare, and these and her hands were of a deep purple colour; whilst in a corner of the room huddled up with the cold, the body of the cockatoo lay stark and stiff."

II.

"At first there was only talk of a terrible accident, the result of some inexplicable carelessness which perhaps the evidence at the inquest would help to elucidate.

"Medical assistance came too late, the unfortunate woman was indeed dead, frozen to death, inside her own room. Further examination showed that she had received a severe blow at the back of the head, which must have stunned her and caused her to fall, helpless, beside the open window. Temperature at five degrees below zero had done the rest. Detective Inspector Howell discovered close to the window a wrought iron gas

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bracket, the height of which corresponded exactly with the bruise at the back of Mrs. Owen's head.

"Hardly had a couple of days elapsed when public curiosity was whetted by a few startling headlines, such as the halfpenny evening papers alone know how to concoct.

"'The mysterious death in Percy Street,' 'Is it Suicide or Murder?' 'Thrilling details—Strange developments.' 'Sensational Arrest.'

"What had happened was simply this:

"At the inquest a few certainly very curious facts connected with Mrs. Owen's life had come to light, and this had led to the apprehension of a young man of very respectable parentage on a charge of being concerned in the tragic death of the unfortunate caretaker.

"To begin with, it happened that her life, which in an ordinary way should have been very monotonous and regular, seemed at any rate latterly to have been more than usually chequered and excited. Every witness who had known her in the past concurred in the statement that since October last a great change had come over the worthy and honest woman.

"I happen to have a photo of Mrs. Owen as she was before this great change occurred in her quiet and uneventful life, and which led as far as the poor soul was concerned to such disastrous results.

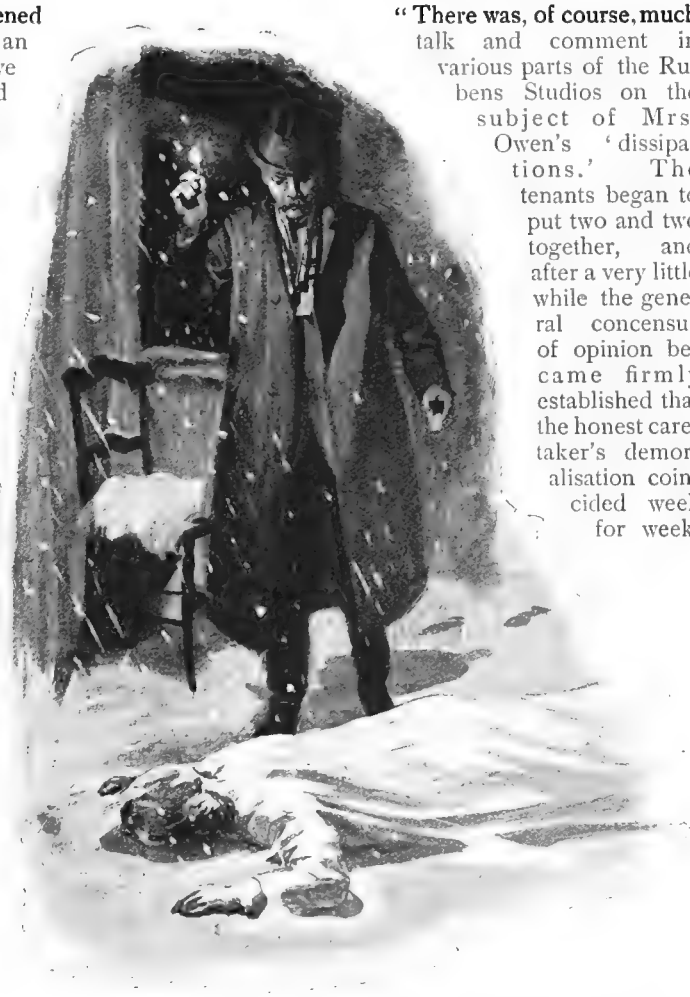
"Here she is to the life," added the funny creature, placing the photo before me—"as respectable, as stodgy, as uninteresting as it is well possible for a member of your charming sex to be; not a face you will admit to induce any youngster to temptation or to lead him to commit a crime.

"Nevertheless one day, all the tenants of the Rubens Studios were surprised and shocked to see Mrs. Owen, quiet respectable Mrs. Owen, sallying forth at six o'clock in the afternoon, attired in an extravagant bonnet and a cloak trimmed with imitation astrakhan which—slightly open in front—displayed a gold locket and chain of astonishing proportions.

"Many were the comments, the hints, the bits of sarcasm levelled at the worthy woman by the frivolous confraternity of the brush.

"The plot thickened when from that day forth a complete change came over the worthy caretaker of the Rubens Studios. While she appeared day after day before the astonished gaze of the tenants and the scandalised looks of the neighbours, attired in new and extravagant dresses, her work was hopelessly neglected, and she was always 'out' when wanted.

"There was, of course, much talk and comment in various parts of the Rubens Studios on the subject of Mrs. Owen's 'dissipations.' The tenants began to put two and two together, and after a very little while the general concensus of opinion became firmly established that the honest caretaker's demoralisation coincided week for week,



On the floor, already half-covered by the drifting snow, lay Mrs. Owen

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"Miss Bedford . . . found Mrs. Owen in tears."

almost day for day, with young Greenhill's establishment in No. 8 Studio.

"Everyone had remarked that he stayed much later in the evening than anyone else, and yet no one presumed that he stayed for the purposes of work. Suspicions soon rose to certainty when Mrs. Owen and Arthur Greenhill were seen by one of the glass workmen dining together at Gambia's Restaurant in Tottenham Court Road.

"The workman, who was having a cup of tea at the counter, noticed particularly that when the bill was paid, the money came out of Mrs. Owen's purse. The dinner had been sumptuous—veal cutlets, a cut from the joint, dessert, coffee and liqueurs. Finally the pair left the restaurant apparently very gay, young Greenhill smoking a choice cigar.

"Irregularities such as these were bound sooner or later to come to the ears and eyes of Mr. Allman, the landlord of the Rubens Studios; and a month after the New Year, without further warning, he gave her a week's notice to quit his house.

"'Mrs. Owen did not seem the least bit upset when I gave her notice,' Mr. Allman declared in his evidence; 'on the contrary, she told me that she had ample means, and had only worked latterly for the sake of something to do. She added that she had plenty of friends who would look after her, for she had a nice little pile to leave to anyone who would know how "to get the right side of her."'

"Nevertheless, in spite of this cheerful interview, Miss Bedford, the tenant of No. 6 Studio, had stated that when she took her key to the caretaker's room at 6.30 that afternoon, she found Mrs. Owen in tears. The caretaker refused to be comforted, nor would she speak of her trouble to Miss Bedford.

"Twenty-four hours later she was found dead.

"The jury returned an open verdict, and Detective Inspector Jones was charged by the police to make some inquiries about young Mr. Greenhill, whose intimacy with the unfortunate woman, had been universally commented upon.

"The detective however, pushed his investigations as far as the Bambridge Bank. There he discovered that after her interview with Mr. Allman, Mrs. Owen had withdrawn what money she had on deposit, some £800, the result of twenty-five years' saving and thrift.

"The immediate result of Detective Inspector Jones's labours was that Mr. Arthur Greenhill, Lithographer, was brought before the magistrate at Bow Street on the charge

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of being concerned in the death of Mrs. Owen, caretaker of the Rubens Studios, Percy Street.

"Now that Magisterial inquiry is one of the few interesting ones which I had the misfortune to miss," continued the man in the corner, with a nervous shake of the shoulders. "But you know as well as I do, how the attitude of the young prisoner impressed the magistrate and police so unfavourably, that with every new witness brought forward, his position became more and more unfortunate.

"Yet he was a good-looking, rather coarsely built young fellow, with one of those awful Cockney accents which literally make one jump. But he looked painfully nervous, stammered at every word spoken, and repeatedly gave answers entirely at random.

"His father acted as lawyer for him, a rough looking elderly man, who had the appearance of a common country attorney, rather than of a London solicitor.

"The police had built up a fairly strong case against the lithographer. Medical evidence revealed nothing new: Mrs. Owen had died from exposure, the blow at the back of the head not being sufficiently serious to cause anything but temporary disablement. When the medical officer had been called in, death had intervened for some time; it was quite impossible to say how long, whether one hour or five or twelve.

"The appearance and state of the room, when the unfortunate woman was found by Mr. Charles Pitt, were again gone over in minute detail. Mrs. Owen's clothes, which she had worn during the day, were folded neatly on a chair. The key of her cupboard was in the pocket of her dress. The door had been slightly ajar, but both the windows were wide open; one of them, which had the sash-line broken, had been fastened up most scientifically with a piece of rope.

"Mrs. Owen had obviously undressed preparatory to going to bed, and the magistrate very naturally soon made the remark, how untenable the theory of an accident must be. No one in their five senses would undress, with a temperature at below zero, and the windows wide open.

"The cashier of the Bambridge related the caretaker's visit at the bank.

"'It was then about one o'clock,' he stated, 'Mrs. Owen called and presented a cheque to self for £827, the amount of her balance. She seemed exceedingly happy and cheerful, and talked about needing plenty of cash, as she was going abroad to join her nephew, for whom she would in future keep house. I warned her about being sufficiently careful with so large a sum, and parting from it injudiciously, as women of her class are very apt to do. She laughingly declared that not only was she careful of it in the present, but meant to be so for the far-off future, for she intended to go that very day to a lawyer's office and to make a will.'

"The cashier's evidence was certainly startling in the extreme, since in the widow's room no trace of any kind was found of any money; against that, two of the notes handed over by the bank to Mrs. Owen on that day were cashed by young Greenhill on the very morning of her mysterious death. One was handed in by him to the West End Clothier's Company, in payment for a suit of clothes, and the other he changed at the Post Office in Oxford Street.

"After that all the evidence had of necessity to be gone through again on the subject of young Greenhill's intimacy with Mrs. Owen. He listened to it all with an air of the most painful nervousness, his cheeks were positively green, his lips seemed dry and parched, for he repeatedly passed his tongue over them, and when Constable E 18 deposed that at 2 a.m. on the morning of February 2nd he had seen the accused and spoken to him at the corner of Percy Street and Tottenham Court Road, young Greenhill all but fainted.

"The contention of the police was that the caretaker had been murdered and robbed during that night, before she went to bed, that young Greenhill had done the murder, seeing that he was the only person known to have been intimate with the woman, and that it was moreover proved unquestionably that he was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Rubens Studios at an extraordinarily late hour of the night.

"His own account of himself, and of that same night, could certainly not be called very satisfactory. Mrs. Owen was a relative of his late mother's he declared. He himself was a lithographer by trade, with a good deal of time and leisure on his hands. He certainly had employed some of that time in taking the old woman to various places of amusement. He had on more than one occasion suggested that she should give up menial work, and come and live with him, but, unfortunately, she was a great deal imposed upon by her nephew, a man of the name of Owen, who exploited the good-natured woman in every possible way, and who had on more than one occasion made

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severe attacks upon her savings at the Bambridge Bank.

"Severely cross-examined by the prosecuting counsel about this supposed relative of Mrs. Owen, Greenhill admitted that he did not know him, had in fact never seen him. He knew that his name was Owen and that was all. His chief occupation consisted in sponging on the kind-hearted old woman, but he only went to see her in the evenings, when he presumably knew that she would be alone, and invariably after all the tenants of the Rubens Studios had left for the day.

"'I am a sort of Aunt to you, Arthur, and if you don't have it, Bill is sure to get it.'"

"I don't know whether at this point, it strikes you at all, as it did both magistrate and counsel, that there was a direct contradiction in this statement, and that made by the cashier of the Bambridge, on the subject of his last conversation with Mrs. Owen. 'I am going abroad to join my nephew, for whom I am going to keep house,' was what the unfortunate woman had said.

"Now Greenhill, in spite of his nervousness and at times contradictory answers, strictly adhered to his point, that there was a nephew in London, who came frequently to see his Aunt.

"Anyway, the sayings of the murdered woman could not be taken as evidence in law. Mr. Greenhill senior put the objection, adding: 'There may have been two nephews,' which the magistrate and the prosecution were bound to admit.

"With regard to the night immediately preceding Mrs. Owen's death, Greenhill stated that he had been with her to the theatre, had seen her home, and had had some supper with her in her room. Before he left her, at 2 a.m., she had of her own accord made him a present of £10, saying: 'I am a sort of Aunt to you, Arthur, and if you don't have it, Bill is sure to get it.'

"She had seemed rather worried in the early part of the evening, but later on she cheered up.

"'Did she speak at all about this nephew of hers or about her money affairs?' asked the magistrate.

"Again the young man hesitated, but said, 'No! she did not mention either Owen or her money affairs.'

"If I remember rightly," added the man in the corner, "for recollect, I was not present, the case was here adjourned. But the magistrate would not grant bail. Greenhill was removed looking more dead than alive — though everyone remarked that Mr. Greenhill senior looked determined and not the least worried. In the course of his examination on behalf of his son, of the medical officer and one or two other witnesses, he had very ably tried to confuse them, on the subject of the hour, at which Mrs. Owen was last known to be alive.

"He made a very great point of the fact that the usual morning's work was done throughout the house, when the inmates arrived. Was it conceivable, he argued, that a woman would do that kind of work over night, especially as she was going to the theatre, and therefore would wish to dress in her smarter clothes? It certainly was a very nice point levelled against the prosecution,

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who promptly retorted: Just as conceivable as that a woman in those circumstances of life, should, having done her work, undress beside an open window at nine o'clock in the morning with the snow beating into the room.

"Now it seems that Mr. Greenhill senior could produce any amount of witnesses who could help to prove a conclusive *alibi* on behalf of his son, if only sometime subsequent to that fatal 2 a.m. the murdered woman had been seen alive by some chance passer by.

"However, he was an able man, and an earnest one, and I fancy the magistrate felt some sympathy for his strenuous endeavours on his son's behalf. He granted a week's adjournment which seemed to satisfy Mr. Greenhill completely.

"In the meanwhile the papers had talked and almost exhausted the subject of the mystery in Percy Street. There had been, as you no doubt know from personal experience, innumerable arguments on the puzzling alternatives:—

"Accident?

"Suicide?

"Murder?

"The court was crowded when the case against young Greenhill was resumed. It needed no great penetration to remark at once, that the prisoner looked more hopeful, and his father quite elated.

"Again a great deal of minor evidence was taken, and then came the turn of the defence. Mr. Greenhill called Mrs. Hall, confectioner, of Percy Street, opposite the Rubens Studios. She deposed that at 8 o'clock in the morning of February 23rd, while she was tidying her shop window, she saw the caretaker of the Studios opposite, as usual, on her knees, her head and body wrapped in a shawl, cleaning her front steps. Her husband also saw Mrs. Owen, and Mrs. Hall remarked to her husband how thankful she was that her own shop had tiled steps, which did not need scrubbing on so cold a morning.

"Mr. Hall, confectioner, of the same address, corroborated this statement, and Mr. Greenhill, with absolute triumph, produced a third witness, Mrs. Martin, of Percy Street, who from her window on the second floor, had at 7.30 a.m., seen the caretaker shaking mats outside her front door. The description this witness gave of Mrs. Owen's get-up, with the shawl round her head coincided point by point with that given by Mr. and Mrs. Hall.

"After that Mr. Greenhill's task became an easy one; his son was at home having his breakfast at 8 o'clock that morning, not only himself but his servants would testify to that.

"The weather had been so bitter that the whole of that day Arthur had not stirred from his own fireside. Mrs. Owen was murdered after 8 a.m. on that day, since she was seen alive by three people at that hour, therefore his son could not have murdered Mrs. Owen. The police must find the criminal elsewhere, or else bow to the opinion originally expressed by the public that Mrs. Owen had met with a terrible untoward accident, or that perhaps she may have wilfully sought her own death in that extraordinary and tragic fashion.

"Before young Greenhill was finally discharged, one or two witnesses were again examined, chief among these being the foreman of the glassworks. He had turned up at the Rubens Studios at 9 o'clock and been in business all day. He averred positively that he did not specially notice any suspicious looking individual crossing the hall that day. 'But,' he remarked with a smile, 'I don't sit and watch everyone who goes up and down stairs. I am too busy for that. The street door is always left open; anyone can walk in, up or down, who knows the way.'

"That there was a mystery in connection with Mrs. Owen's death—of that the police have remained perfectly convinced; whether young Greenhill held the key of that mystery or not, they have never found out to this day.

"I could enlighten them as to the cause of the young lithographer's anxiety at the magisterial inquiry, but, I assure you, I do not care to do the work of the police for them. Why should I? Greenhill will never suffer from unjust suspicions. He, and his father alone—besides myself—know in what a terribly tight corner he all but found himself.

"The young man did not reach home till nearly *five* o'clock that morning. His last train had gone; he had to walk, lost his way, and wandered about Hampstead for hours. Think what his position would have been if the worthy confectioners of Percy Street had not seen Mrs. Owen 'wrapped up in a shawl, on her knees, doing the front steps.' Moreover, Mr. Greenhill, senior, is a solicitor, who has a small office in John Street, Bedford Row.

"The afternoon before her death, Mrs. Owen had been to that office and had there made a will by which she left all her savings

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He looked at me with some degree of astonishment.

to young Arthur Greenhill, lithographer. Had that will been in other than paternal hands, it would have been proved, in the natural course of such things, and one other link would have been added to the chain, which nearly dragged Arthur Greenhill to the gallows — 'the link of a very strong motive.'

"Can you wonder that the young man turned livid, until such time as it was proved beyond a doubt that the murdered woman was alive hours after he had reached the safe shelter of his home?"

III.

"I saw you smile, when I used the word 'Murdered,'" continued the man in the corner, growing quite excited, now that he was approaching the *dénoûment* of his story. "I know that the public, after the magistrate had discharged Arthur Greenhill, were quite satisfied to think that the mystery in Percy Street was a case of accident —or suicide."

"No," I replied, "there could be no question of suicide, for two very distinct reasons."

He looked at me with some degree of astonishment. I supposed he was amazed at my venturing to form an opinion of my own.

"And may I ask what, in your opinion, these reasons are?" he asked very sarcastically.

"To begin with, the question of money," I said— "has any more of it been traced so far?"

"Not another 5 note," he said with a chuckle, "they were all cashed in Paris, during the Exhibition, and you have no conception, how easy a thing that is to do at any of the hotels or smaller *Agents de Change*."

"That nephew was a clever blackguard," I commented.

"You believe then, in the existence of that nephew?"

"Why should I doubt it? Someone must have existed, who was sufficiently familiar with the house to go about in it in the middle

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of the day, without attracting anyone's attention."

"In the middle of the day?" he said with a chuckle.

"Any time after 8.30 in the morning."

"So you too, believe in the 'caretaker, wrapped up in a shawl,' cleaning her front steps?" he queried.

"But——"

"It never struck you, in spite of the training your intercourse with me must have given you, that the person who carefully did all the work in the Rubens Studios, laid the fires and carried up the coals, merely did it in order to gain time; in order that the bitter frost might really and effectually do its work, and Mrs. Owen be not missed until she was truly dead."

"But—" I suggested again.

"It never struck you that one of the greatest secrets of successful crime is to lead the police astray with regard to the time when the crime was committed. That was, if you remember, the great point in the Regent's Park murder.

"In this case the 'nephew' since we admit his existence, would—even if he were ever found, which is doubtful—be able to prove as good an *alibi* as young Greenhill."

"But I don't understand—"

"How the murder was committed?" he said eagerly! "surely you can see it all for yourself, since you admit the 'nephew'—a scamp perhaps—who sponges on the good-natured woman. He terrorises and threatens her, so much so that she fancies her money is no longer safe even in the Bambridge Bank. Women of that class are apt at times to mistrust the Bank of England. Anyway she withdraws her money. Who knows what she meant to do with it, in the immediate future?

"In any case, after her death she wishes to secure it to a young man whom she likes, and who has known how to win her good graces. That afternoon, the nephew begs, intreats for more money, they have a row; the poor woman is in tears, and is only temporarily consoled by a pleasant visit at the theatre.

"At 2 o'clock in the morning young Greenhill parts from her. Two minutes later the nephew knocks at the door. He comes with a plausible tale of having missed his last train, and asks for a 'shake down' somewhere in the house. The good-natured woman suggests a sofa in one of the studios, and then quietly prepares to go to bed. The rest is very simple and elementary. The nephew sneaks into his Aunt's room, finds her standing in her nightgown; terrified, she staggers, knocks her head against the gas bracket, and falls on the floor stunned, while the nephew seeks for her keys and takes possession of the £800. You will admit that the subsequent *mise-en-scéne*—is worthy of a genius.

"No struggle, not the usual hideous accessories round a crime. Only the open windows, the bitter north-easterly gale, and the heavily falling snow—two silent accomplices, as silent as the dead.

"After that, the murderer with perfect presence of mind, busies himself in the house, doing the work which will insure that Mrs. Owen shall not be missed at any rate for some time. He dusts and tidies, he even slips on his Aunt's skirt and bodice, wraps his head in a shawl, and boldly allows those neighbours who are astir to see what they believe to be Mrs. Owen. Then he goes back to her room, resumes his normal appearance, and quietly leaves the house."

"He may have been seen."

"He *was* seen by two or three people, but no one thought anything of seeing a man leave the house at that hour. It was very cold, the snow was falling thickly, and as he wore a muffler round the lower part of his face, those who saw him would not undertake to know him again."

"That man was never seen or heard of again?" I asked.

"He has disappeared off the face of the earth. The police are searching for him, and perhaps some day they will find him—then society will be rid of one of the most ingenious men of the age."

IV.

He had paused, absorbed in meditation. I also was silent. Some memory too vague as yet to take a definite form, was persistently haunting me—one thought was hammering away in my brain, and playing havoc with my nerves. That thought was the inexplicable feeling with me, that there was something in connection with that hideous crime which I ought to recollect, something which—if I could only remember what it was—would give me the clue to the tragic mystery, and for once insure my triumph over this self-conceited and sarcastic scare-crow in the corner.

He was watching me through his great bone-rimmed spectacles, and I could see the knuckles of his bony hands, just above the top of the table fidgeting, fidgeting, fidget-

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ing, till I wondered if there existed another set of fingers in the world who could undo the knots his lean ones made in that tiresome piece of string.

Then suddenly—*à propos* of nothing, *I remembered*—the whole thing stood before me, short and clear like a vivid flash of lightning:—Mrs. Owen lying dead in the snow, beside her own open window; one of them with a broken sash-line, tied up most scientifically with a piece of string. I remember the talk there had been at the time about this improvised sash-line.

That was after young Greenhill had been discharged, and the question of suicide had been voted an impossibility.

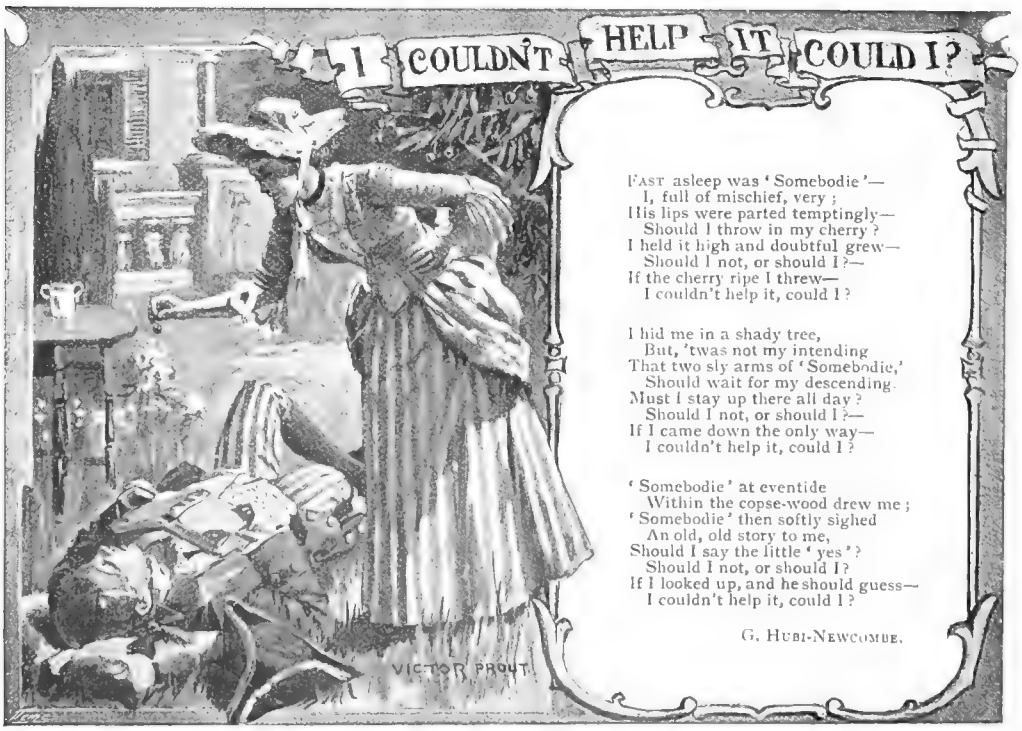
I remember that in the illustrated papers photographs appeared of this wonderfully knotted piece of string, so contrived that the weight of the frame could but tighten the knots, and thus keep the window open. I remembered that people deduced many things from that improvised sash-line, chief among these deductions being that the murderer was a sailor—so wonderful, so complicated, so numerous were the knots which secured that window frame.

But I knew better—in my mind's eye I saw those fingers rendered doubly nervous by the fearful cerebral excitement, grasping at first mechanically, even thoughtlessly, a bit of twine with which to secure the window; then the ruling habit strongest through all, I could see it; the lean and ingenious fingers fidgeting, fidgeting with that piece of string, tying knot after knot, more wonderful, more complicated, than any I had yet witnessed.

"If I were you," I said, without daring to look into that corner where he sat, "I would break myself of the habit of perpetually making knots in a piece of string."

He did not reply, and at last I ventured to look up—the corner was empty, and through the glass door beyond the desk where he had just deposited his few coppers, I saw the tails of his tweed coat, his extraordinary hat, his meagre, shrivelled-up personality, fast disappearing down the street.

I have never set eyes on the man in the corner from that day to this.



FAST asleep was 'Somebodie'—
I, full of mischief, very;
His lips were parted temptingly—
Should I throw in my cherry?
I held it high and doubtful grew—
Should I not, or should I?—
If the cherry ripe I threw—
I couldn't help it, could I?

I hid me in a shady tree,
But, 'twas not my intending
That two sly arms of 'Somebodie,'
Should wait for my descending.
Must I stay up there all day?
Should I not, or should I?—
If I came down the only way—
I couldn't help it, could I?

'Somebodie' at eventide
Within the copse-wood drew me;
'Somebodie' then softly sighed
An old, old story to me,
Should I say the little 'yes'?
Should I not, or should I?
If I looked up, and he should guess—
I couldn't help it, could I?

G. HUBI-NEWCOMBE.

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The Lady Smoker

By Swanhilde Bulan.

She thinks she looks quite an expert.

Opinion is still divided on the subject of smoking for women, and groups itself usually under three heads : the people who regard it as a matter of course—these are found in up-to-date society and among woman writers, artists, and others; those who permit it, but with some misgiving—the middle classes in large towns ; and those who are shocked at any mention of the subject—quiet provincial families and the lower middle class.

It is curious, in passing, to notice how much stronger in the lower classes is the prejudice against any extension, however just, of "women's rights." It is they whose sense of propriety is most easily outraged, and the 'Arriet who disports on Hampstead Heath would be the first to call out "forward hussy" after a lady who ventured to smoke a cigarette in public.

Usually she breaks the cigarette before it is lit.

Behold her pensively considering which end to light.

Yielding to this prejudice, women who smoke — and their number is large —do so in their own homes or clubs, and outsiders have little idea of the prevalency of the custom. Much fun has been levelled at women smokers, and allusions made to love of notoriety, but the fact is indisputable, that most women smokers love the habit, and find it a boon after work, especially brain-work — a sedative to nerves, a banisher of bad temper. As a digestive, I have heard many women praise it. The cigarette after dinner has become custom with society ladies, the smoking-room of ladies' clubs is always well patronised, and many little foreign restaurants in London are frequented by lady journalists, who find there comfort, economy, and a tolerance absent in English cafés.

The right or wrong of the matter need not be discussed here : what women want they will have, as they have proved ; nor would I restrain them. But it is well, when adopting a custom that has hitherto been purely

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She removes the cigarette to a safe distance, and emits the smoke in one great puff.

masculine, to adopt it thoroughly and as an expert. Otherwise, comparisons will always be drawn, and ridicule poured on feminine amateur attempts It is the attempt to compromise, and make a feminine costume out of man's dress that has brought ridicule on the Rational Dress Movement.

We must not have Feminine Smoking as opposed to Masculine Smoking! And at present there is a danger of this. The inveterate women smokers excepted, there is a large number of women who smoke in a regular "woman's way"—a way that is easily recognised and infinitely amusing. Take the average woman as a type—the woman who smokes a little. You ask her casually if she smokes.

"Yes, thank you," with an effort not to look self-conscious, "if yours are not too strong."

She attempts to take the cigarette from the proffered case, invariably lifting the end that is shortest on one side of the elastic band and often breaking the cigarette. This does not distress her, and if you did not insist on handing her another yourself, she would attempt joyfully to smoke the broken one. Having taken hold of the cigarette, she looks at it thoughtfully, and decides on the end she thinks proper to light.

Then the lighting! Unless you do it for her, she strikes match after match, and moves them so quickly that they go out. Having at last induced one to remain alight, she holds it about half-way down the cigarette, blackening the paper and burning the tobacco. A woman naïvely remarked to me one day that women's cigarettes always had such a dissipated appearance.

She has lit it, somehow, and commenced to pull. Of course, it had not occurred to her to squeeze the cigarette slightly to loosen the tobacco, and her usual procedure, with a tight cigarette, is to pass her hatpin through it, or rather through half of it, for the end of the pin reappears half-way up, tearing the paper. Not that these trifles deter the valorous smoker. She relights and begins to puff properly — puffs that are comedies in themselves. With eyes shut, she draws in vigorously; then removes the cigarette to a safe distance, and blows out the smoke with great force, proud and happy if she prevents any from getting into her eyes.

This is repeated half-a-dozen times, then she swallows some

Ruefully she regards the bitten end, and thinks she will try a holder.

A way she has of lighting up. Poor cigarette!

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smoke, and coughs till her eyes are moist. But it would be weakness to admit that she is longing to lay down the cigarette; she tries again, splutters over loose tobacco, and regards sadly the long strips of loose tobacco where the moist paper has been torn by her teeth.

Happy thought! she will try a holder, into which she jams the cigarette so tightly that it again refuses to draw. The holder is discarded, and a little piece torn off to make the end neat. Tired of the struggle with matches, the poor cigarette is held over a lamp and again blackened (she never attempts to draw when holding it over the lamp) till a friend comes to the rescue. But more trouble is in store. The lady amateur makes a point of hitting the head of her cigarette on the table every few minutes to remove invisible ashes, and, even as does the worm, the miserable thing at length resents, and, scattering its sparks, goes out.

This terrible habit of dabbing cigarettes down hard on their heads to remove ash is very frequent and essentially feminine.

Lit once again, the cigarette is forgotten in a train of thought, and "what a smell of burning!" leads to the discovery of a glowing hole in tablecloth or skirt.

Happy woman if tea comes in and the cigarette can be laid aside half finished; though she is always ready to endure martyrdom right down to one-quarter of a cigarette, and smile sweetly with "Not just now" when a second is offered.

Another method is to ignite the cigarette half-way down.

She tries to make the cigarette draw by means of a hat pin, which pierces through the paper.

Drawing valiantly with her eyes shut.

The amateur is also recognisable by her solicitude in disposing of ashes and her discomfort if no ash-tray is available. The hardened woman smoker, on the other hand, wants the privilege of dropping her ash freely on the carpet by a languid touch of her little finger, defending her attitude to indignant housekeepers by the assertion that it kills the microbes and makes the servants sweep the carpets more thoroughly.

Others pride themselves upon their order in dropping all ashes on saucers and plates, a care not always appreciated by the servants, who complain of the strong smell that lingers over the china. Some disregard the ash completely till it scatters itself over a dainty frock. By all women smokers it seems to be regarded as a great drawback to enjoyment.

Coming to the serious side of the question, genuine lady smokers complain bitterly of the prejudice that debars them from enjoying a cigarette on so many tempting occasions—on the top of a bus, in a restaurant, on a long railway journey. Some years ago a suggestion

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of smoking compartments for ladies raised much stormy opposition, though reasonable enough. The railway companies replied with a smile that the smoking compartments already provided were open to ladies, but they ignored the likelihood of insults from the chivalrous male occupants.

Not that ladies who smoke on trains always meet with insult. A lady friend, who braves convention in this respect, had two very different experiences. Twice when she had secured a smoking compartment to herself a gentleman entered. The first traveller acted with the greatest courtesy, and remarked that he was glad to see ladies sensible and brave enough to smoke on a tedious journey; on the other occasion, the new-comer regarded her in horror for five minutes, and then said abruptly: "I don't at all like to see ladies smoking," to which she naturally replied: "But I like to do it"; a point of view that had evidently not occurred to him.

She removes her ash by rubbing the cigarette on the table——

——and should her interest be taken by a new hat the tablecloth is certain to sustain severe damage.

A candid admission was made one evening by a lady who left three-quarters of a cigarette in her saucer and rose from table. I said: "You have forgotten your cigarette." She smiled and whispered: "No, I don't like it, but everyone does it now, so I thought I had better light one."

On another occasion I was travelling in a non-smoking carriage, and longing for a cigarette, but the formidable aspect of the lady opposite, who looked like a head-mistress, deterred me. At last I ventured to ask if she objected. "Not at all," said she calmly, "I was just thinking of smoking myself," and from a correct-looking handbag she produced a box of Russian cigarettes. I have often heard a holder asked for because "the hairs will get into my mouth."

One more true story. She is one of the experienced smokers, one who smoked her half-dozen every day. I offered mine. She refused. "No thanks, I think I'll have one of my own. Yours are so tobacco—cy."

And oh, how welcome is a cup of tea after all her exertions!

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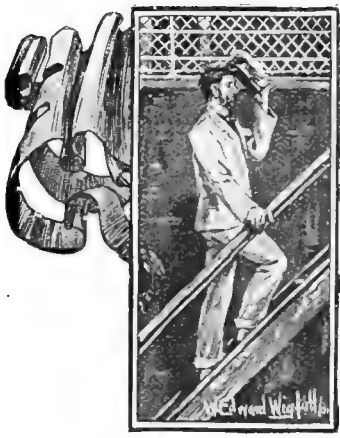

THE SHORTEST WAR ON RECORD

By White Haven.

I.

Gerald Darwell, master of the s.s. *Ebor*, was standing on the hurricane deck talking to the chief engineer; his ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Arcunia in the Delusian Republic of South America. Close to the *Ebor* was a fine cruiser belonging to the tiny navy of Delusia; she had been built by a British firm some eighteen months before, when political relations between Delusia and the Republic of Urvanio had been severely strained. Affairs had now reached a crisis, and war might be declared at any moment.

"Looks ready for anything, doesn't she?" said Darwell, pointing his pipe in the direction of the cruiser.

"Yes, she looks fit enough," said White, the engineer, "but the Navy of Urvanio is twice the size of these people's; not that either of them have much to boast of, as navies go; all French built, the Urvanians, I hear. Back the old *Ebor* for speed against any of them, eh?"

Now the *Ebor* was not a very big ship, but she was especially built for speed and strength; if a cargo was to be carried anywhere as quickly as possible, the *Ebor* was the ship to do it, and Captain Darwell was about the best man that could be found to command her. He was a young man, this Darwell; medium height, clean-shaved, tanned, with a determined look in his honest English face that may have accounted for so young a man filling such a post.

The port of Arcunia is about the largest in the Republic of Delusia; and very pretty it looked to these two men from the deck of the *Ebor;* not unlike our English South Downs were the hills beyond.

Thousands of miles away was another town, a little smaller than Arcunia, but overlooking the sea just as Arcunia did; and in that town was the girl that Darwell loved. He was not the sort of man to fall in love with every pretty face he saw; far from it; but he was really in love; and many a time he had blamed himself for his presumption. What right had he, a sailor, with next to no prospects of making enough to marry on, to fall in love? This thought constantly troubled him, and the scene before him made him think again of Miriam—the girl at home—whose portrait hung in the little frame in his cabin.

* * * * * * *

A boat flying the flag of the Delusian Republic and rowed by six men was making swiftly for the *Ebor*. As she got closer Darwell saw a dark, foreign-looking man sitting in the stern; and divining at once that this must be someone to interview him, probably a government official, he made preparations to receive the newcomer.

"Captain Darwell," said the stranger, as he mounted the steps, putting out his hand and speaking with a slightly foreign accent, "allow me to introduce myself. My name is Delastrelle, and I am here to represent my Government. Can you spare me a few minutes?"

"Come this way," said Darwell, leading him to his cabin.

"I have here a cablegram," said the other, handing Darwell a piece of paper, "which is a message to you from your owners, Messrs. Barker & Barker."

Darwell took it, and read as follows:

Have sold *Ebor* to Government of Delusia. Return by mail or stop with new owners. You will then communicate with us. Cable reply.

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Then, looking up, his eyes met those of Delastrelle.

"Will you come, Captain Darwell?" he said excitedly. "We want your ship; but, sir, we want the commander too. By the help of your ship and yourself we may bring off a great success. I admit there may be dangers, but I do not think you are the man to refuse on that account. As you are aware, the Republic, which I have the honour to represent as the Minister of War, is about to commence hostilities with the Republic of Urvania.

"War will in all probability be officially declared to-morrow, after the meeting of our special committee; so that by midnight to-morrow, Thursday, the two Republics will be in a state of war. If you are willing to swear strict secrecy to everything that I am about to tell you I will describe to you a plan, wherein by your help this war may be of very brief duration, even if it be not, as I sincerely hope it may, the shortest war on record."

"Let me hear it," said Darwell, after having given his word as to secrecy. "But, with your permission, let me first get my engineer in here, too, for if I stick to the *Ebor* he is sure to do so as well, and you may trust him as myself."

Permission having been given, the Captain went to fetch White. When the latter had also been pledged to secrecy, Delastrelle unfolded a map, and pointing with his finger, he said:

"This, you see, is Arcunia. Sixty miles from here is the town of St. Shuen, which is the most important town in the Urvanian Republic; it is situated just ten miles from our southern boundary line and is built on the river of the same name. As you see on this map our country is shaped like a horse-shoe, with Urvanio representing the centre, so that our coast-line is to the north and south of the coast-line of Urvanio.

"The town of St. Shuen is, from the land side, splendidly fortified, and therefore an attack, to be made with any chance of success, must be made from the sea, and here we are handicapped; for to the two cruisers and one torpedo boat that represents our Navy they have three cruisers, two torpedo boats, and one gunboat. From our Intelligence Department I learn that their two best cruisers, built in France two years ago, are now lying at the river mouth of St. Shuen, as are one of their two torpedo boats and their gunboat. Their other cruiser lies at Lasa, a port nearer our northern border, so that without your ship——"

"My ship!" gasped Darwell.

"Yes, my friend, but not to fight. I want you to take your ship past the mouth of the river at St. Shuen on Friday at 8 a.m. From accounts which I shall cause to reach the government of Urvanio you will, on being sighted, be chased by the cruisers lying at St. Shuen, and you will have to go full speed, I can assure you. No sparing of coal, Mr. White, this trip. Then our cruisers will be enabled to approach, and under their fire our transports will land guns and men, and by six p.m. our flag should fly at St. Shuen, which town is full of stores, guns and ammunition. The enemy will not expect an attack, and we can, by making a simultaneous attack, from the land, direct about three-quarters of our entire force — with our magnificent artillery — against the garrison of St. Shuen.

"My terms to you are £5000 down now in British securities and another £200 a year for ten years should the success of the scheme bring about a speedy termination of the war. To Mr. White I offer exactly one half these terms, and to others who may participate in the affair, in proportion. I can promise you the best firemen and stokers in our Navy."

Darwell rose from his chair, undecided. As he did so, his eye fell on the photograph in the little frame; his mind was made up at once.

He turned, and faced Delastrelle.

"By Heaven!" he said, "I'll do it."

They shook hands, these two, the foreign statesman and the English sailor, and the bargain was concluded.

"Of course I'm coming," said White. "The *Oraca* can take the rest back to-morrow except Jenkins and one or two picked men. I should think they would be useful."

"Yes, we will take Jenkins," said Darwell. "Now let us have some lunch, and meanwhile, Mr. Delastrelle, will you explain how you mean to make the enemy so anxious to capture the *Ebor*?"

In compliance with this request Delastrelle explained that a dispatch purporting to be for the commander-in-chief of the Northern State was to be captured by the enemy, saying that the *Ebor* would leave Arcunia to pass St. Shuen at 8 p.m. on Friday, conveying the commander-in-chief, headquarters staff, ammunition, and nearly all the big guns. He also impressed upon the Captain and his subordinate that they must pass St. Shuen at 8 a.m. so that the cruisers of the enemy would not be out at sea and in front, ready to intercept them. Then once more

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repeating how the capture of St. Shuen would mean an almost instant termination of the war, he left the ship, saying that he would come on board again early the next day with the best firemen and stokers obtainable from his cruisers.

"Well, White," said Darwell, after a short silence, "I'm truly thankful *you* are coming."

"Did you think," said the other, "that I was going to allow anyone to tamper with my engines? Besides, now I can really have a glorious chance of proving the superiority of British engines to French rubbish. I will see Jenkins, and tell him all about it."

It was a busy day for the Captain. One by one he explained to the crew that the owners of the *Ebor* had sold her, and that consequently they were to return on board the *Oraca*.

As for the chief engineer, he could hardly believe that he was about to be mixed up in a war between two small South American Republics, and was rather doubtful as to the result. Nevertheless, he made up his mind to do his level best, and spent the rest of the day overhauling his engines. Indeed, until late that night White could have been seen in the engine-room, oil-can in hand, hard at work.

"By Heaven!" he cried, "I'll do it!"

II.

Next morning Delastrelle came on board early to finally settle the financial arrangements connected with the enterprise. That night, Thursday, May 16th, Darwell, White and Jenkins dined with the President and other influential members of the Delusian Republic and at 1 a.m. on the following morning Darwell steered his ship out of Arcunia on as venturesome a voyage as ever Drake did in days of old.

The sea was calm and they kept up a uniform speed of ten knots, so that by 7 a.m. they were just off the river mouth of St. Shuen. Following Delastrelle's directions, they kept land just in sight until they could see the ships and town, when they drew closer to the shore. At the mouth of the river was a big cruiser with steam up.

"She sights us," whispered Delastrelle, as the splendid vessel began to steam out of the river towards the *Ebor*. "That is the *Tubular*—eighteen knots—built in France two years ago."

"Then," said White grimly, "we can beat her. A boat built on the Clyde can never be beaten by a Frenchmen. But I must get to my engines—she is signalling to us," as the approaching cruiser ran up its flags.

"Captain Darwell," said Delastrelle, glancing at the signals displayed, "will you allow me to answer that question?"

"Certainly," replied Darwell.

"Then," said Delastrelle, "I will do so," and with his own hands he ran up the answer, which was the flag of the Delusian Republic.

A puff of smoke arose from the deck of the distant cruiser. Almost simultaneously

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there was a report and a splash in the water some half a mile or so behind the *Ebor*.

"Another question," said Delastrelle.

"And which," said Darwell, "I will answer by telegraphing to the engine-room."

Next moment the *Ebor* shot ahead in obedience to White's call. Darwell and Delastrelle were on the bridge with Jenkins at the wheel. Presently another cruiser was seen coming from St. Shuen.

"The *Lavinia*," said Delastrelle, as he examined her through the Captain's glass. "Corresponds to one of your third-class cruisers, speed—fourteen knots."

The distance between the *Ebor* and the *Tubular* was not increased or diminished for several hours, but the other vessel—the *Lavinia*—was making along the coast. This Darwell pointed out to Delastrelle.

"Yes," he said, "I expect that she is making for Pingue to telegraph to Lasa, where the rest of their Navy is stationed; no doubt to tell them to cut us off."

"Then," said Darwell, "we are done for."

"No," said Delastrelle, "I do not think so, for the wires from St. Shuen to Pingue and Lasa were to be cut this morning, and I have no reason to doubt that it has not been done as thoroughly as my dispatch was taken by the enemy, for indeed if the wires from St. Shuen were intact, surely they would wire direct from there."

"That was well thought out," said Darwell. "It is now nearly twelve—what do you say to some lunch while we can get it?"

After lunch it was noticed that the *Tubular* had gained slightly upon the *Ebor*; so once more Darwell spoke to White and once more the *Ebor* increased her speed.

Shortly after this a nasty cross-wind struck up which considerably interfered with the *Ebor*, as she was so light; and Darwell now regretted having landed her cargo at Arcunia.

Presently White sent a message which made Delastrelle uneasy.

"What does he mean?" he asked Jenkins.

"Why," said the other, "it means that the same amount of steam is now required to make twelve knots as it took to make fifteen this morning, but it does not affect the *Tubular*. By Jove, Darwell, she's gaining on us, I swear."

And so they seemed to think on the *Tubular;* for they recommenced firing, and this time the shell did not fall so far short as did that first shot in the morning. White sent a message to ask how far off the shell had fallen, "for they were nearly going their hardest now."

At five o'clock a shell fired from the *Tubular* fell in the sea about 200 yards to port.

"Confound it!" said White, when he received the news, "if only this wind would drop!"

At 5.45 the *Ebor* was undergoing a severe bombardment of about one shot a minute, but thanks to the roughness of the sea the gunners on the *Tubular* were unable to make very good practice at the gallant ship; nevertheless, a fragment of shell from a lucky shot carried away one of the pulleys and a piece of rope from the foremast, doing, however, no further harm.

Delastrelle stood with watch in hand and a cigar between his teeth.

"If," said he, "we can hold out till six o'clock all is well; then the flag of the Republic will have had good time to reach the top of the flagstaff at St. Shuen."

"And we," said Darwell, "will have had ample time to reach the bottom of the sea."

"Possibly," said Delastrelle, "I am sorry for you and for——"

"For whom?" asked Darwell.

"For the girl in the frame," said Delastrelle. "My friend," he continued, putting his hand kindly on Darwell's shoulder, "I saw you appeal to her in the cabin; she, too has done great service to the Republic, in happy ignorance of all this though."

"Thank Heaven, yes," was all that Darrell answered. A shell, better aimed than the last, burst right overhead; but Jenkins at the wheel seemed not to heed them in the least—his duty was to keep the vessel on her course, not to dodge the shells.

The *Ebor* plunged on, rolling considerably owing to the cross wind and pitching not a little. Every now and then the screw would appear and the whole vessel would vibrate.

The *Tubular* at the same time was not by any means as steady as she might be, and it was mainly due to this that the *Ebor* was still afloat—one shell from that great gun up in her bows in a fatal part of the *Ebor*, and she must sink!

"It gets dark soon after seven," said Delastrelle. "If only we could keep afloat another hour. But——"

His words were cut short by Darwell, who clutched him by the arm and pointed with open mouth towards their pursuer. Clouds of steam were rising from the engine-rooms and funnels of the *Tubular!* Nobody spoke—they simply stared at their enemy, who was now almost hidden in clouds of steam. Then, just as a shell which must have been fired at

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random through the enveloping clouds of steam burst in front of the *Ebor*, there was a terrific explosion, and when the smoke and steam had cleared away there was nothing to show where the *Tubular* had been thirty seconds or so before.

Cool and collected Darwell stepped to the engine-room telegraph, and sent a message to White to slacken speed.

"I do not think," he said, "that we should be justified in stopping to try and save some of those poor fellows, for the *Lavinia* is fast approaching. Not that she can hurt us, but I hope she may save some lives, even in this sea."

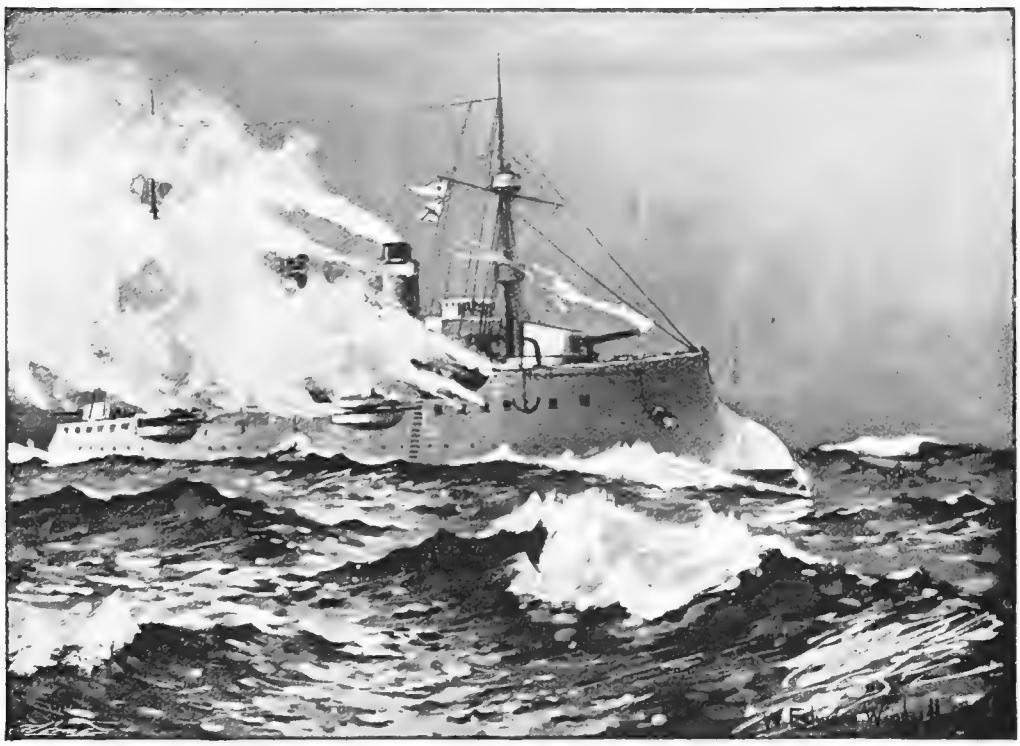
As he finished speaking, a wild figure in a filthy cotton suit rushed on to the bridge.

"Hurrah, Darwell! I've done it! I've proved the superiority of our engines, without a doubt. I tell you we could not have stood that pressure ourselves for another two hours —I gave them till 6.30. Still, I admire them for it, they ran till they died—dead game. Your dispatch must have made the old *Ebor* very enticing, Mr. Delastrelle."

Late on the following day the *Ebor* entered the harbour of Verusez, which is the port of the Northern State of the Delusian Republic. There they learnt that St. Shuen had been occupied by the troops of the Delusian Republic on Friday at 5.30 p.m. and that the cruiser *Lavinia* had been captured as she was returning to St. Shuen. So that, as the enemy's gunboat left at St. Shuen had been captured and the torpedo boat sunk, the remaining navy of the Urvanian Republic consisted of one cruiser and one torpedo boat stationed at Lasa; their army, too, was demoralised and disorganised. Over ninety per cent. of their stores, guns, and ammunition were captured at St. Shuen, in which fight, however, the Delusians had lost heavily; but everything pointed to a speedy termination of hostilities.

Darwell, White, and Jenkins returned with Delastrelle to Arcunia, and a fortnight later Darwell and White left for England in the mail boat, whilst Jenkins was appointed commander of the cruiser *Lavinia* now flying the flag of the Delusian Republic.

Three months from the date of the bombardment of St. Shuen, Gerald Darwell was married to Miriam—the "girl in the frame."



Clouds of steam were rising from the engine-rooms and funnels of the *Tubular*.

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SPORTS THAT MAKE THE MAN

BY

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Sir Thomas starting for a turn on his bicycle.

Bowls : a favourite pastime of Sir Thomas.

WATERLOO, we have all heard, was won at Eton. Equally on other play-fields have great Battles of Business been gained. Exercise and the open air, sports and pastimes, no less—and sometimes more—than office application and the bending over books, go to the making of commercial success.

I was brought up on the banks of the Clyde. Many an hour did I spend as a boy by the river-side watching the craft and indulging in day dreams. My parents were poor, so that I could not then afford the luxury of a yacht except in imagination. For there, sure enough, was the mental picture of the "not impossible She"—no woman of the poet's fancy, but a white-sailed lady of the seas.

The allusion, by the way, has its own aptitude. The "not impossible She" of early dreams turns, in inconstant life, to several very possible "shes"; and my ladies of the sea, too, now number three—Shamrock, Erin, and Shamrock the Second. Whenever I had a shilling to spare in those early days I was certain to lay it out on the hire of a boat. When, as often happened, my purse was empty, I proffered my services as steersman for the sake of a sail. Then, as now, this was my favourite sport. But horse exercise also has been always well in the running. And with these the tale of my recreations is but at the beginning.

When I see a boy who does not care for cricket or football, I conclude that there is something wrong about him; I have the feeling that he cannot be in good health.

Outdoor sports ought, in my opinion, to come to the young as naturally as food. In all warehouses and factories where there are enough employees, I strongly advocate the formation of football and cricket teams and of tennis clubs. In my own firm are footballers and cricketers who can hold their own against any similar association in London. My lady clerks have a tennis club. We also have frequent dances. I have always thought dancing a fine exercise. It works well, too, with another exercise very different in kind, but a very healthy one in its own way—the ascent of the Ladder of Fortune.

There is a good old expression about "dancing for joy." That is the ideal dancing.

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Byron somewhere speaks of the young ladies who have to waltz for a husband. That is almost as far removed as the dancing behind the footlights for a living from the real spontaneous movement that expresses "joy of our youth," and is health-giving.

Music does not come to all naturally, and musicians, like poets, must, I know, be born, not made, or must at any rate be both born and made. But I would have music taught elementarily to all. That is a part of education still too much neglected. Singing and playing are among the real recreations of life, if only as indoor resource during bad weather, when you are not in the mood for books and when companions become (as the best sometimes will) a little bored with each other. I may add that I have played the violin in my own fashion since I was ten years old.

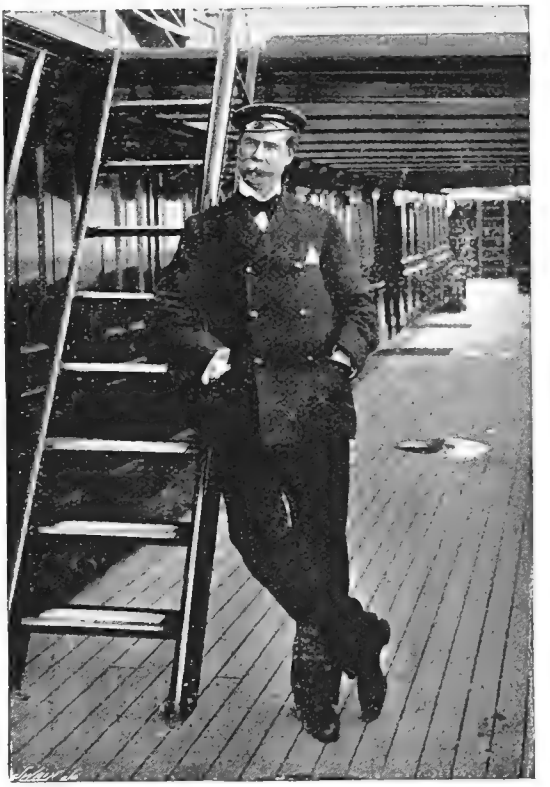

Photo by Russell, Southsea.

Sir Thomas on board his yacht the *Erin*.

I would go so far as to urge compulsory military drill in schools. I am a volunteer, and am now forming a company among my own employees. The moderns have a good deal to learn in these matters from the ancients. I am aware that Athens was not saved by the gymnasium or the military college; but the young Athenian became decadent in spite of, not because of, his physical exercises.

It is hardly necessary to ask me if I am a believer in Saturday's half-holiday and Sunday's rest. I have no hesitation in saying that it is a mistake, mentally and physically, for any man to work seven days without ceasing, however ardent to make strides in business. Off hours from my business I spend as far as possible in the open air. I leave behind me the city at night. Even now, when of necessity I dine frequently in London, I drive ten miles into the country to sleep. The extra trouble and the loss of time are well repaid by the pure air. Gardening, I agree with Lord

Sir Thomas and his pet trotters.

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Tennyson in thinking the most perfect of recreations—it gives you just enough to think about to be a complete distraction, yet not enough to worry you. And it is work-play done under delightful conditions. The hour in the garden at the beginning of the day or at its close is worth many sacrifices in the winning. Though I have never been able to get to bed before midnight, I am always up at seven—an allowance for sleep that is less by an hour than Lord Palmerston gave out as indispensable—at any rate for statesmen.

Other spare half hours at home go to outdoor games—cricket, golf, tennis, and bowls. If one must be indoors, a game of billiards I find to be a grand exercise. You walk miles, to begin with, and a private table is a great attraction to keep together the young members of a household in the evenings.

From all this it follows that I am not a great theatre-goer. I do not think I have sat out a play more than twelve times in my life, and never did I do so till the last very few years. My parents, being old-fashioned and church-going, had never seen the glare of the footlights; and I felt that I could not properly allow the time to give myself up to being amused for so long by other people—and in a vitiated atmosphere. I felt I could do better for myself. Half-an-hour in a music-hall seemed to be a different matter—you could hear the song you wished to hear and then come away. All the same, some of the nicest people I have ever known belong to the stage.

Sport and gambling are often supposed to be inseparable. Many millions of pounds are put upon yacht racing, but never a pound by me. I have yet to make my first bet. I race purely for the pleasure of the sport; and I would not bet on my own boat or any other.

I think the American boy is ahead of the English boy. I find that in America the managers of large concerns are often very youthful. In England their youth would be a disqualification. It would not command respect. A man must look old before he is thought to look wise. That I believe to be a great error of policy in the affairs of a nation, a business firm, or a family.

I hold, therefore, that it would be a good thing to send every English boy to America when he is seventeen, and to keep him there for a couple of years. I first went to the States when I was fifteen; and my experiences at various places, all over the country, were the best commercial training I ever had. I find that apprenticeship still stands by me, and it helped me, more than anything else, to the position I occupy.

And now, let me add, I have gone to America again to win something else if possible—the Cup. "Do I really expect to lift the Cup?" is a question I am often asked. Well, if I did not think victory possible there would be no use at all in my entering the lists. Of course I am not certain that I am going to win, but I feel that I have got just as good a chance to lift the Cup as have the Americans to keep it. Moreover, if I were certain to win there would be no sport in the attempt—the pleasure that comes from the effort and the uncertainty would be gone. It is the alternative of hope or fear that gives interest to the game.

Photo by Biograph Coy.

Shamrock II., Sir Thomas's famous racing yacht.

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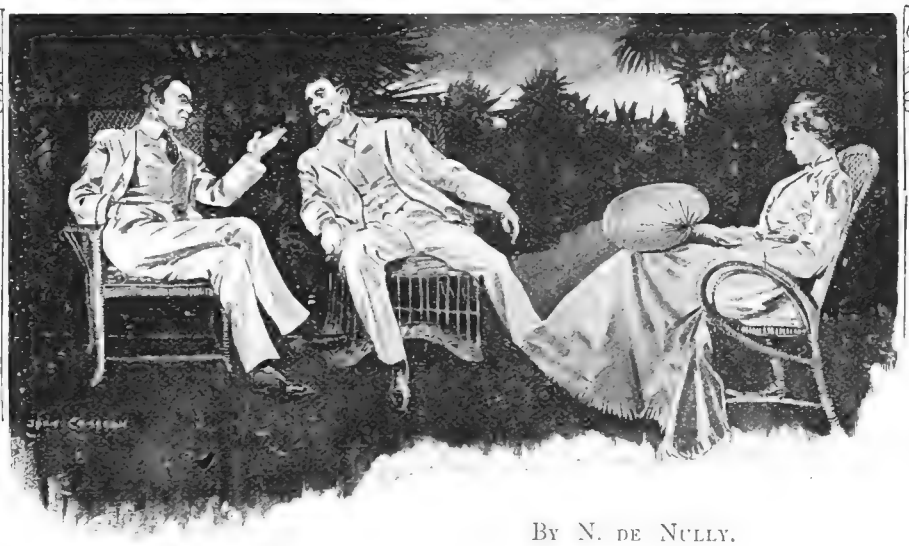
The Doctor's Pet Python



By N. de Nully.

If it be true—as it doubtless to a certain extent is—that they who go down to the sea in ships see the wonders of the deep, of a verity also do they who by circumstances are compelled to sojourn in the sweltering tropics, behold many strange and awful things that those living in more temperate climates know not of. It is an experience falling under the second category that I am about to relate.

We were living at Ballygunge, a suburb of Calcutta. The place was a perfect garden. Fluttering bamboos, stately peepul and spreading banyan trees with twining creepers and every conceivable type of tropical flora abounded in rich luxuriance. My husband was at that time—nearly thirty years ago—engaged on the celebrated floating pontoon bridge over the Hooghly, considered in those days a kind of eighth wonder of the world.

We had been in Calcutta about six months, staying at the "Great Eastern," but Ballygunge had only known us a fortnight. Our good friend, Dr. Coombe, lived in the next house. I say "next" because our compounds adjoined, though as a matter of fact each house stood in about ten acres of ground.

Dinner was over. The night had fallen. Glittering fireflies bejewelled the shadowy fantastic forms of the surrounding trees. The cactus hedge across the road seemed incrusted with living diamonds flashing back their scintillations from the still surface of the stagnant water with which recent rain had filled the ditch bordering each side of the road. We were talking of creeping things, when Dr. Coombe casually remarked to my husband as if it were the most usual thing in the world:

"By the way, Lemaire, did you know I had a python living at the bottom of my garden?"

I started.

"Oh, you needn't be afraid, Mrs. Lemaire," he laughed, "it's almost tame. Indeed, I believe it would feed out of my hand from the verandah if I called it. I often see it gliding about the long grass. You know a python isn't the same thing as a boa constrictor. This reptile of mine is quite a domestic pet, and is perfectly satisfied with such purely legitimate prey as goats and lambs, and other small animals. The servants are quite accustomed to it; and the villagers in that *bustee* behind there, say it has been here for twenty years. It lives in an old disused drain. Of course, I could easily shoot it."

"I wish you would," I fervently exclaimed.

"I hope to catch it some day and send it home to the London Zoo. But so far it has been too wary for my traps," he replied.

Fresh out from England the mention of pythons and boa constrictors — which I

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I saw a sight which made my heart stand still.

vaguely understood to be monsters between twenty and thirty feet in length—very much disturbed me.

Soon, however, the conversation drifted to other and more pleasant topics, and I quickly forgot my fears. Later on the doctor left and my husband walked with him as far as his gate—to finish his cigar he said; but I believe it was to have a private confab such as men love. Anyway I seized the opportunity to run in and look at my baby Alec, whom I had left peacefully sleeping in his cot.

The servants were all in their quarters some distance from the house, so I was practically alone until my husband should return. Yes: there he was, quite safe, and fast asleep, the clothes half kicked off him in his efforts to shake himself free from the oppressiveness of the night. Not wishing to disturb him I turned to go, when I heard a curious rustling along the smooth grass mat which covers every Indian floor by way of a carpet.

The *thel buttee* (oil lamp) was burning low (gas hadn't reached Ballygunge in those days) and in the semi-gloom I could see nothing, so concluded it was merely a rat running about, and paid no further heed. Turning, however, to take one last look as I passed through the doorway across which stretched a crimson "purdah," I saw a sight which made my heart stand still and brought a choking feeling into my throat, depriving me of the power of even uttering an exclamation. There, over the side of my baby's cot, a cruel flat yellow head was stealthily peering, its bright beady eyes shining like stars in a setting of dull gold and black facets; from its glistening jaws protruded a row of sharp needle-like teeth, while a long forked tongue darted in and out as if actuated by electricity.

My timid dread had turned to a hideous reality. *Dr. Coombe's python had found its way into the house, attracted by my little one!*

For a full minute I stood rigid with terror, completely benumbed both in body and mind. All I could do was to stare helplessly at the horrible tableau before me, fearful that if I attempted to advance my darling's doom would be certain. I found myself whispering certain disjointed phrases—endearments and ejaculations that were devoid of any meaning. I may have prayed, I think I did, but I can't recollect with any certainty. I was more dead than alive.

All this time, doubtless encouraged by my paralyzed inaction, the gleaming sinuous form was gliding higher and higher until its terrible head and neck hung poised over the tiny slumbering form in the cot. Another second and those pitiless teeth would have been buried in the soft flesh of my baby's throat and his life blood rapidly sucked away before my eyes.

With a great effort, flinging off my terror, I sprang forward with a scream, regardless of consequences, intending to snatch up the child and get away with him outside — anywhere. But that voracious monster had no intention of relinquishing

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its prey so easily. Though it drew back for a moment it instantly resumed its former position, and struck at me angrily with open jaws and blazing eyes, compelling me to stop short with my face scarcely more than a yard away from its loathsome head.

Then ensued a silent duel. Surely a stranger one was never fought; a daughter of Eve doing battle with a descendant of the Serpent that had at the beginning of the world tempted and overcome her first ancestor. Hissing violently and shooting its double sting-like tongue in and out with incredible rapidity, the detestable creature assumed an aggressive attitude, and no energetic efforts of hand waving or sh-sh-sh-ing would induce it to lower its head for even a few seconds in order to give me a chance of snatching up my darling and making my escape.

Leave the cot side to reach for a stick or even a pillow with which to at least momentarily drive back or disconcert my adversary, I dared not. An instant's relaxation would I knew have sealed the fate of that innocent bairn lying there all unconscious of the deadly peril hanging over him. So I stood firmly, all personal fear completely gone.

Indeed, during those horrible moments I had no thought for anything except my child. Had I been sure that his safety could have been rendered a certainty by so doing, I would willingly have flung myself at the python and fought it tooth and nail.

But I had read somewhere—and the recollection of the passage came back to me just then with painful accuracy—that these large reptiles of the constrictor class prefer the young of animals as their food. Indeed, that they would sometimes attack and vanquish one or both of the full grown parents in order to secure their more succulent offspring.

I thought I could read the insatiate reptile's intention. It was determined to tire me out, and having reduced me to a state of unnerved exhaustion, to enfold me in its powerful toils and squeeze my poor body into a shapeless jelly. *Then* it would turn its attention to—but I cannot bear to imagine the picture even now.

In vain I called to my husband and screeched "*qui hai*" (is anyone there?) No one answered; and knowing, as I said before, what men are, I was in terror lest my husband and Dr. Coombe should have got into a too interesting discussion on one of their favourite subjects, and I should be unable to hold out.

The terrifying possibility also occurred to me, that, thinking I was safe in bed, he might even have gone in with the doctor, which would mean perhaps a couple of hours more, by which time the end would certainly have come.

All this while I was fixedly staring into those malignant eyes, and they were staring into mine. Presently an additional horror was imported into the situation. My baby awoke! Rubbing his eyes with his tiny fists he gave a smothered yawn and opened his big blue orbs. Naturally at first his gaze wandered round until it rested on me, and the corners of his mouth curved upward in a smile. Then he looked immediately above him, and saw the python! In an instant his expression changed. Instinctively he seemed to realise a vague danger, and his lips contracted preparatory to a cry.

I suppose at such times when one's mental faculties are subjected to an unusual strain, one thinks quickly. Dread seems to bestow, even on a comparatively sluggish mind, a swift perception and power of prompt action of which it is ordinarily incapable. At least this is the only way by which I can account for what seemed to me like an inspiration. A cry from the child would have completely unnerved me and probably resulted in the enemy at once adopting the offensive. As it was, I just smiled encouragingly, pursing up my lips into an imaginary kiss.

Fortunately the expedient succeeded, and my unsuspecting child's features relaxed, and in a few seconds a sweet trustful smile stole over his face. He even stretched forth his chubby arms and tried to reach the snake's loathsome gleaming head to play with it!

How I restrained myself from doing something desperate, I cannot think. How I stood there motionless, how I retained my reason, why I did not faint, are all questions I have been unable to answer to this day. Looking back over the years that have elapsed since that night, it all seems like a hideous nightmare, a gruesome memory that haunts me waking and sleeping.

My eyes being now well accustomed to the dim light shed by the steadily burning oil lamp, everything had assumed an almost surprising distinctness, particularly the graceful S-shaped curve of the huge snake's neck. I could almost count the rows of lemon-coloured horny sheaths on the creature's underside, and every single flash of implacable hatred which its yellow black centred eyes incessantly darted at me seemed to pierce my very brain.

Yet I did not flinch. In fact I had now reached a stage when I felt capable of

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offering prolonged resistance, with the capacity at the same time of holding that repulsive foe in check by my determined stare—at least until help arrived, for I knew that as soon as my husband returned he would call for me. Presently, however, a worse terror began to tug at my heartstrings. The enemy was bringing into play his most subtle weapon, one that invariably subdues when all other methods have failed.

I was being fascinated—mesmerised!

It was some time before I really began to feel the curious numbing effect of the snake's motionless gaze. The first sensation was that of a pleasant mental tranquillity, a kind of calm unconcern from which all fear and horror had been banished. It was probably this hypnotic influence that had lulled me into a sense of false security; that had deceived me into imagining I could hold out indefinitely; for, of course, a violent attack by the python could have precipitated matters at any moment.

Soon I became aware of a distinct drowsiness overcoming me, a dull heavy state not unlike that which envelops an opium smoker. Several times I succeeded in shaking it off; but it invariably returned, each time gaining in its stupefying intensity. After a while I began to drop off, in reality—I suppose I must have intermittently lost consciousness—for every time I came to myself it was to find the python's head a fraction nearer my throat.

Muddled and incapable of thought as I felt myself fast becoming, I was still able to realise that the power of calling for help would soon be gone and that I should passively stand there while those gradually opening jaws now dripping with frothy saliva in anticipation of a feast, would close on my unprotected throat. One of the most remarkable effects of this serpent magnetism, under the spell of which I was so certainly passing, was the magnified appearance which everything assumed.

Nearly filling my rapidly shrinking circle of vision, the python's head seemed to grow larger and larger. Objects in and around this frightful central figure became misty and distorted. The dripping jaws apparently extended to an enormous extent; and the shining yellow eyes looked like signal lamps seen through a sickly fog.

In all probability, had not something happened, this process of mesmeric insensibility would have been carried to its fullest limit, and my fate and that of little Alec finally decided. I suppose in my apathetic, semi-dreamy condition I had gradually ceased to take any heed of what was going on around me. I was mentally paralysed, and my mind had become as incapable of thought as my limbs were of motion.

From the evidence on my infant's throat when I saw him a few hours afterwards, there seems no doubt that the python, satisfied it had effectually disposed of my opposition, had made a quick swoop at its intended victim and burying its teeth in poor Alec's neck, caused him to utter a piercing scream.

That broke the spell. In a moment I was awake, and seeing the monster with my darling in its grip, I made a dash, tore the child away, and darting round the cot, seized the horrid creature with a wild idea of trying to choke it. How I did it, I cannot imagine. I was in a state of mad despairing frenzy, utterly regardless of the issue.

For an instant the great snake shrank back before my fierce attack; but the contest was an unequal one from the beginning. My adversary quickly recovered its surprise, and was immediately up again erect, hissing vehemently and striking energetically at my face. It was not long before it became a matter of only defending myself. I could see that a few minutes more and the end would arrive.

Suddenly another wild notion entered my overwrought brain. I remembered the story of Samson and the lion which I had so often read, and almost before I knew what I was attempting, I was endeavouring to put my reckless idea into effect. It was at least half-a-minute—it seemed like half-an-hour—before the awful creature gave me my chance. I took it at once, with a whispered involuntary prayer to carry it out. As if tired of playing its fish, the python at length braced itself up for a final attack. Swaying backward until its curved form (or that part of it which was in an erect position above the massive coil beneath), almost touched the floor behind, the immense creature hurled itself at me with terrific impetus.

The shock was tremendous, and nearly overbalanced me, but I managed to keep my feet; moreover, some of the blow was broken by my outstretched hands. Before my antagonist could recover from its ineffectual assault, I had seized its upper and lower jaws with my left and right hands, scarcely noticing the pain as its sharp teeth pierced my flesh. My whole energy was bent on my plan, which I knew meant either victory or death.

Exerting every vestige of physical strength left to me, I was so occupied in endeavouring

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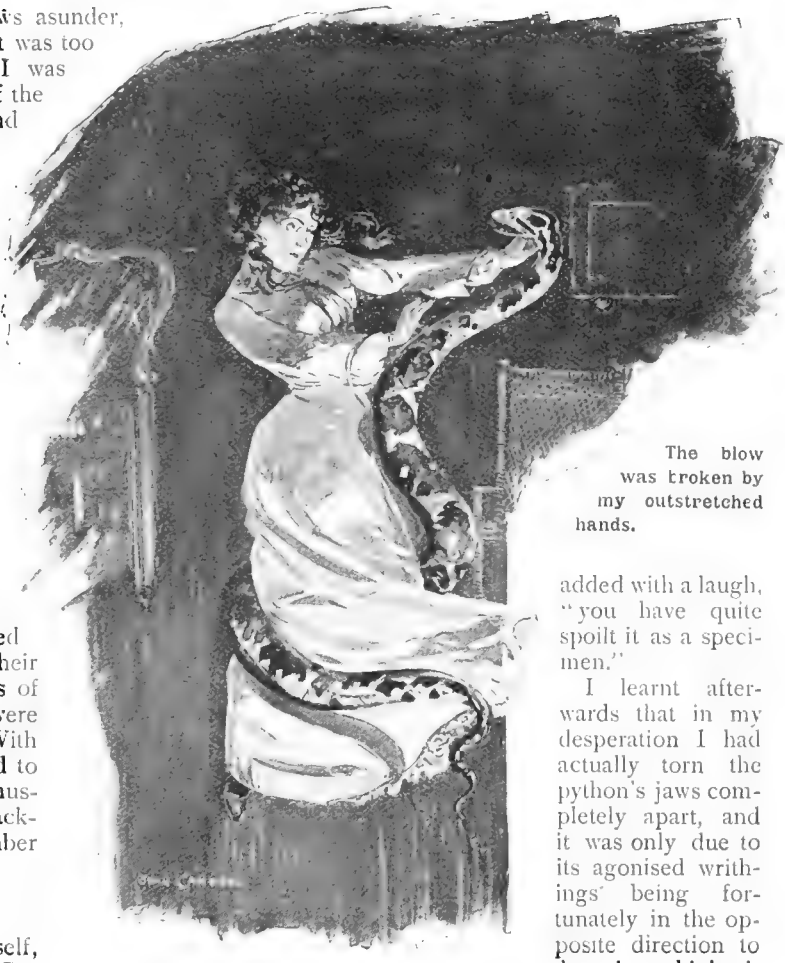
to tear the snake's jaws asunder, that it was not until it was too late that I realised I was lost. The meaning of the something heavy and sinuous coiling itself round my waist and irresistibly closing about my lower limbs was unmistakeable. In a few seconds more I was gasping for breath and chokingly trying to scream for aid. Still, I would not yield; but with the superhuman power of despair, made a supreme effort. The strangling grip tightened, I felt as if the weight of the earth was bearing me down. My eyes seemed to be bursting out of their sockets, and the veins of my face and neck were swollen like cords. With a gurgle I endeavoured to relax my stiffening muscles—then all was blackness, and I remember nothing more.



The blow was broken by my outstretched hands.

* * *

When I came to myself, my husband and Dr. Coombe were bending over me. By their side stood Gunga, our *bearer*, with little Alec in his arms. A significant strip of blood-stained lint encircled my baby's throat. Unmistakable tears of gladness were in the faithful servant's eyes.

"The *Khodah* is good memsahib," he said fervently, "for he saved you from the *Shilân* who had taken the form of a *sâmp*." One could hardly help smiling at the Oriental's superstition.

My husband simply pressed my hand and, with a queer shake in his voice, said, attempting to seem jocular: "I had no idea you were so strong, dear; but I think we were only just in time."

"I am afraid it is I who am responsible," chimed in the cheery voice of the doctor. "However, you can comfort yourself, Mrs. Lemaire, that you will never be troubled by that brute again. But do you know," he added with a laugh, "you have quite spoilt it as a specimen."

I learnt afterwards that in my desperation I had actually torn the python's jaws completely apart, and it was only due to its agonised writhings being fortunately in the opposite direction to that in which it had coiled round me, that I was not past help when the two men rushed in.

They had found me lying on the ground with that heavy, shining thing wound round my prostrate form, its tapering tail wriggling in death throes as it beat violently upon the matted floor. At first they thought me dead, but Dr. Coombe, stooping down, perceived that I was only insensible, and, by a miracle, still whole in body and limb. He and my husband disengaged me from the toils of my now helpless foe, and laid me on the couch in the dining-room, where I awoke to consciousness nearly an hour afterwards.

It was weeks before I got over the shock of that awful encounter. When I did, I insisted on my husband taking a passage for Alec and me by the next P. and O. steamer leaving Garden Reach; and nothing would induce me to return to India for several years. In no case could I be persuaded to venture near Ballygunge again.

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ARTISTS IN RAGS

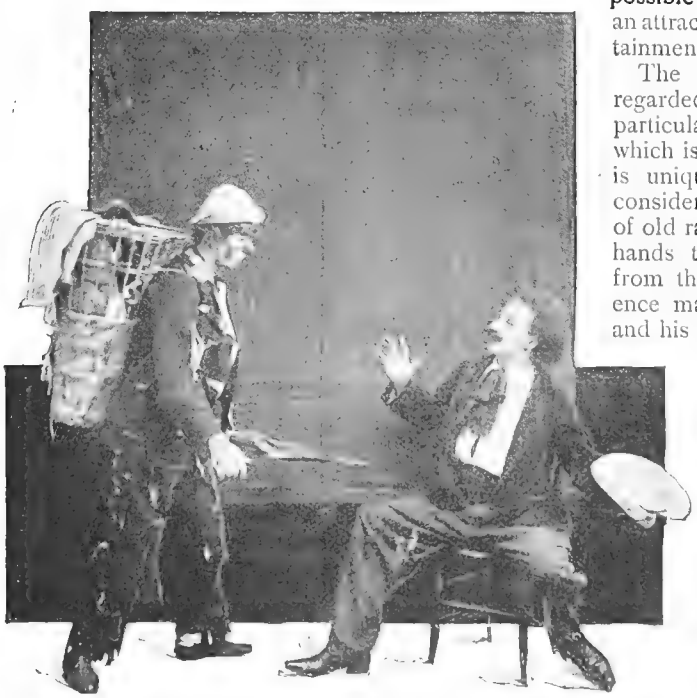
Showing how in Default of Paint, Pictures may be Made out of Rags.

By Horace F. Burton.

To the making of pictures there is no end. Most of them are merely painted with brush and colour. During the past few years we have seen tolerably good pictures made from smoke; others from coloured sand. Now the art has come down to the employment of rags and tatters in picture producing—and the effect is by no means bad. Who knows but that, one of these fine days, we shall see a few excellent rag pictures (turned out of an enterprising artist's "cast-offs") hung at the Academy? Certainly they would be an improvement upon a few of the efforts displayed on the walls of the Big Picture Shop up West. Still, it is difficult to imagine artistic England going into hysterics of enthusiasm over the points of a picture produced from an old overcoat and a worn-out necktie! But there is no knowing.

Judging from the appreciative way in which the British public has greeted the efforts of a couple of artists of Bohemian Paris, it is possible that rag pictures will form an attractive feature at places of entertainment throughout the country.

The Messieurs Auer may be regarded as the pioneers of this particular branch of artistic work, which is decidedly as amusing as it is unique. Never before have I considered it possible for a bundle of old rags and a couple of pairs of hands to extract so much laughter from the comparatively stolid audience made up chiefly of John Bull and his wife and family. The towering heights of the Hippodrome echo with merriment whilst the entertainment progresses. "Pictures from rags," hit the taste of the unambitious critic immensely. Their introduction takes the form of a sort of sketch in which an artist and a Parisian rag picker and old clo' collector play the parts.



The artist is without paint—he explains the situation to the "old clo' man." "But I have a brilliant idea," he says; "we'll substitute rags for paint, and go half shares."

The artist is found seated, brush and palette in hand, at his easel. Alas! he has no paint left, and his ex-

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chequer and credit also have failed. He is at his wits' end to produce a picture to sell in order to secure for him the necessities of existence. Gazing pensively and despondently at his empty canvas, he suddenly hears the peculiar cry of the Parisian "old clo' man." An inspiration comes to him.

Going hurriedly to the window of his apartment, he hails the man of "cast-offs," requesting him to ascend to the humble attic of many artistic aspirations, but little worldly comfort. And presently, the clatter of feet on the staircase announces the coming of the being who is to be the salvation of the artist in his extremity.

In stumbles a very extraordinary-looking individual, dressed in patch-work garb, and carrying on his back a large clothes-crate whose contents are evident.

The artist proceeds to explain his predicament. He has no colours. He cannot paint a picture. But he has been inspired with a brilliant idea. He will make a picture out of the old clothes and oddments in his visitor's basket. He will divide the profits. Is it a bargain? Done! And work begins.

The "old clo' man" agrees, and empties the contents of his basket on the ground.

Clatter! In a jiffy the old clo' basket has been turned upside down, and its contents fall in a heap on the attic floor, and that heap contains many curiosities of the wardrobe. An ancient gamp, two old hats, bits of metal, garments in various stages of consumption, some lengths of wire, and pieces of coloured material. In fact, there is the assortment of odd things which the Parisian old clothes man is able in some mysterious way to place a value upon.

The artist starts his rag picture.

An inspection of the whole of the collection of oddments helps the artist to make up his mind as to the best advantage to which they may be used. His nimble fingers are already at work picking out the likeliest of the material so generously placed at his disposal. Time is at a premium. Every movement is precious.

He grasps a napkin from the strange heap. In a moment he has pinned the white square upon the canvas background in a particular way. What is it that he intends to depict? Wait a moment.

Amongst the rubbish on the floor are several slips of green material. These he tears into various sizes. At one end he wraps them in white rags

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From a mere bundle of old rags the artist has made a bunch of beautiful roses, and uses the cord —

fastened with thread. Then he quickly pins the slips to the canvas, the white ends resting about the centre of the napkin. The "old clo' man" helps him in the true low comedy style, his assistance being peculiar enough to make the spectators laugh at almost every turn.

But the artist is busy. He snatches up various bits of coloured rags, rolls them up in an ingenious way, and, with nimble fingers, pins them at intervals amidst the group of straggling strips. There is no more mystery as to the aims of the artist. He is forming a bouquet of flowers. The strips of green cloth are the foliage, the rolled up coloured rags, the blooms! But why on the napkin? We shall see.

More blooms are formed until about a dozen are fixed amidst the foliage of the bouquet. The effect of the blended colours (which, alas! photography cannot yet reproduce) is really artistic, and the semblance to the real article striking. To form the foliage and bloom the artist has often to resort to desperate measures. He wants a bit of pink, for instance. He cannot find any in the heap. But the ragged clothing of his new-found friend comes in handy. The artist gets his bit of pink from the various slips and openings in "the old clo' man's" patch-work suit. A pinch here, a pull there, and lo! a lovely bloom is formed. By the time the artist has fulfilled his requirements of leaf and flower, the unfortunate helper is more ragged and tattered than when he entered the studio!

Now the bouquet is fairly filled in, but something remains to be done—the flowers must be placed in a basket. A rapid search among the ruins on the floor, and the tattered one adds to the picture by placing in position a small piece of matting, which is just the thing to give the idea of the basket. It is now plain that the picture is intended to represent a basket of flowers on a small table.

The artist critically glances at his work. But he is not satisfied. Something is still missing. Yes; the basket, to be perfect, must have a long, graceful handle. How is it to be found?

Happy thought! The rope used by the rag-man in carrying the basket across his shoulder. Good! The very thing. In a moment it is wrenched from its rightful quarters; in another it is fixed on the background, forming an elegant handle, and when adorned by an ornamental bow at the top, it completes the picture—a handsome bouquet of flowers in a basket standing upon a snow-white napkined table. So great is the illusion that one is almost tempted to follow

— to finish the "picture" — a bunch of various coloured roses in an artistically shaped basket.

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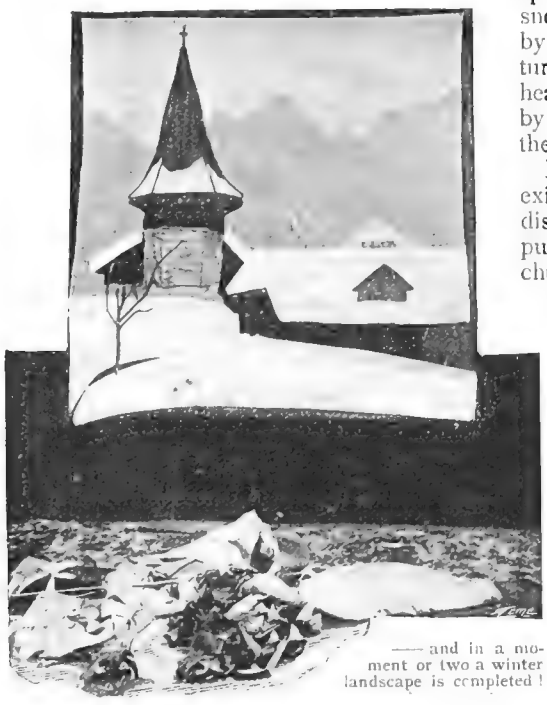
the example of the rag collector, and enjoy the perfume.

The artist is so pleased with the result of his efforts, that he decides to attempt the portrayal of a landscape—a snow landscape, too!

A rummage amongst the heap produces a white table-cover, badly stained with wine, which some careless fellow has allowed to be thus wasted. Never mind. The stain is zig-zag in shape, and, when the table-cloth is pinned in its place on the easel, it looks for all the world like the representation of mountains, snow-covered, in the distance! So fortunate! Some more white things, a napkin or two, and presently the vast wilderness of snow begins to be broken, in the foreground, by several buildings, with roofs covered with "the silent flakes from heav'n." The eaves of the buildings stand out darkly.

Now for a landscape. The rags in the basket are not sufficient, so the artist tears strips off the "old clo' man's" trous rs ——

An edifice is seen springing into shape on the left. It looks like a big top hat with brim uppermost. But now we see why that wretched old gingham was introduced into the heap at the beginning. It is to fulfil a useful, an ecclesiastical, calling! We presently see the handle disappear, whilst the sorry old covering and wires, resting on the hat-like edifice, form a magnificent church spire, whilst a rag or two extra show the snow at its base. A stump of a cigar, found by the "old clo' man," finishes off the picture, by forming the customary cross at the head of the steeple! And realism is added by a few twigs to represent a tree growing in the snow-covered earth!



—— and in a moment or two a winter landscape is completed!

But the beautiful snow-scene, owing to exigencies of stage management, must disappear—until the next performance. A pull of the stained table-cloth, and lo! the church and other buildings vanish.

Unlimited are the possibilities of the art of making rag pictures, and it may be said, without exaggeration, that, whilst doubtless distance lends enchantment to the view, the effects in colour—which, alas! cannot be reproduced here—are often quite Turneresque. This may be traced to the fact that Messrs. Auer were a couple of years ago among the cleverest of those artists who live and have their being in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Moss, managing director of the Hippodrome, and to the kind co-operation of the clever artists, the Auers, for the illustrations accompanying this article.

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DOUBLET & HOSE

By Horace Wyndham & A. Llewellyn.

I.

The fitful summer breeze blew softly through the open French window of a Park Lane drawing-room, gently wafting the curtains to and fro. It was a charming interior that the afternoon sun was lighting up with a warm glow, and the beams, that touched with their brightness the generous wealth of flowers and the profusion of books and pictures, seemed to reflect in their rays something of the room's occupants. These were two girlish figures, alike so far as youth, beauty, and good health can make a couple who are but on the threshold of womanhood. In temperament alone was Paula Trevor—the delightfully indulged daughter of the house—materially different from her more staid cousin, Nell Somers.

The joy of suppressed excitement sparkled in her eyes as she bent over a large brown paper parcel from which the confining string had just been removed. Picking up the label she read out its inscription with a light laugh of triumph—"From Messrs. Scott & King, Tailors, Savile Row," and then held up for the other's inspection a suit of unmistakably masculine dress clothes.

"Oh, Nell," she cried. "Don't they look lovely! How I hope they'll fit all right."

"Do you really mean to do it, old girl?" asked her cousin, regarding her with a look in which astonishment and admiration were equally blended.

"Of course I do," returned the other with a ripple of laughter. "That's what I got the —the—," with a guilty blush—"things—for."

"But, Paula—"

"My dear straight-laced old Nell, there's no 'but' in the matter. I've made up my mind to go through with this, and when I say I'll do a thing, it's as good as done. Besides, there's no real harm in it."

"No, dear—I suppose not, but—"

The two girls looked at each other and burst into laughter again.

"Listen, Nell, it's to be to-night," said the first when they had recovered themselves a little. "At 9 o'clock George Gascoigne is to meet me at the Café Lombardy."

"Why to-night, though?"

"Because it's the only chance we'll have. George goes back to Sandhurst to-morrow, and father's friend, Sir John Gore, comes to stay with us in the afternoon. He's a great traveller, I believe. At any rate, he belongs to the Wanderer's Club."

"Is that *the* Sir John?"

"Yes," answered Paula with a petulant little pout—"the man father wants me to marry. Ugh! I hate him! It's too bad to have him rammed down my throat like this, so I'm going in for a last glorious spree while the chance occurs. Father is dining out to-night, so I've arranged to meet George Gascoigne at the Café Lombardy. He is going to take me to a music-hall afterwards and we're to finish up with supper at the Savoy. No one will find me out, because I've got a

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splendid wig from Clarkson's. What do you think of the programme, Nell?"

"Oh, Paula—how can you do it? But won't it be a joke, though!" was the answer.

II.

At a quarter to nine that night a slim young figure, garbed in the orthodox evening attire of the sterner sex, stood on the doorstep of No. 211, Park Lane.

"You won't tell anyone, Marie?"

"Oh no, Mam'selle — pardon, mais M'sieur!" replied the smart French housemaid, trying hard to repress her laughter.

"And supposing my father returns before I'm back?"

"Mam'selle is in bed. *Oui, m'sieur, je le comprends parfaitement.*"

It was a lovely night in early May, as Paula Trevor, masquerading for the nonce in the garb of masculinity, made her way towards the nearest cab rank. The bright beams of the silver moon shining down through the foliage in the Park seemed to be reflected in the faces of the passing pedestrians. As she came up with them, the girl glanced at them curiously, eager to discover if her disguise bore the test of their chance scrutiny. Apparently it did so, for no remarks upon her appearance were uttered in her hearing.

"So far, so good," she thought, hailing an opportune hansom, to the driver of which she gave the direction "Café Lombardy." Then sinking back into a corner, she spent the few minutes occupied by the drive in an ineffectual attempt not to regret the experiment she was making.

Arriving at her destination in due time, she dismissed the cab and looked round for her friend, Mr. Gascoigne, who was to have met her at the entrance to the Café. No one was there, however, and feeling more than a little angry at the defection, the girl paused irresolutely on the threshold, half inclined to turn back again. It was no good doing this, though, she reflected. George had probably misunderstood the arrangement, and it was almost certain that she would find him waiting for her inside. Accordingly, she passed through the doors that were invitingly open and sat down at a table near the entrance.

The crowded room, the lights and laughter, the popping of corks and buzz of conversation, rather confused her at first. However, her mind was fully made up now, and vowing dire threats of vengeance against Mr. Gascoigne when he should make his appearance, she awaited with outward calmness the approach of the expectant waiter.

In a matter of fact manner he suggested an absinthe as an appropriate description of refreshment, and the girl accordingly ordered it to be brought her. When it arrived, with its accompanying paraphernalia of carafe of iced water and basin of sugar, she stared dubiously at the green liquid rather wondering how the complete drink was prepared. Fortunately, a man at the next table had just ordered the same form of refreshment. Watching him carefully, she mixed the component parts of the drink in a similar fashion. Then came the final step—the concoction had to be tasted.

Good heavens! How nasty it was! thought Paula, as with a wry face she gulped down half the contents of the glass. The cough-mixture-like scent of the liquid made her feel as if she were in the nursery again. However, she bravely made another attempt, and, this time, succeeded rather better. Then, putting down the half-emptied glass with a sigh of relief, she looked anxiously round the large room.

III.

The place was very full just then, and every table within range seemed to be occupied by groups of men and women. How vulgar they all were—especially the latter—thought the girl. She wondered why the place had any attraction at all, for to her everything seemed a mixture of tawdriness and blatancy. Quite forgetting that it was she who had asked Mr. Gascoigne to take her here, she commenced to revile that individual to herself for having arranged the meeting.

A man's voice disturbed her reverie—

"Would you mind passing me the matches—they're about as scarce in this place as English waiters."

Paula started in surprise and, looking up quickly, saw that a new comer had taken the seat beside her. "Not a young man," she decided with a sigh of relief after a sharp glance at his face—for she had a theory that the middle-aged were less acute in their criticism. She placed him in her mind at about seven-and-thirty, and decided that he was a gentleman and had kindly eyes.

The stranger made two abortive attempts to light his cigar. When he failed for the second time, the girl looked up with a smile.

"I have heard humour defined as 'amusement gained at another's expense,'" observed the man.

"So have I," answered the girl lightly. "At least, I've read it somewhere."

"Ah, there are few things read nowadays

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that have not been previously written, for the present generation of authors live largely by the sweat of their quotation marks," her *vis-à-vis* commented in a jesting tone.

What a curiously charming voice he had, thought Paula. Low in tone and rich in quality it attracted her strangely.

"Do you come here often?" he asked presently after a pause during which the girl had occupied herself in speculating whether she should wait for Mr. Gascoigne any longer, or return home at once.

"No," she answered, trying to speak with an air of calmness that she was far from feeling in reality, "I'm scarcely an *habituè*."

"I thought not," returned her companion with a little smile—quite a friendly and confidence inviting one, it seemed to her. "You don't look like one of the common objects of the Café Lombardy."

Paula flushed a little at the other's words. Then, reflecting that her appearance made the remark a perfectly natural one, she added with a little touch of dignity, "I only came in to-night because I was to meet a man here."

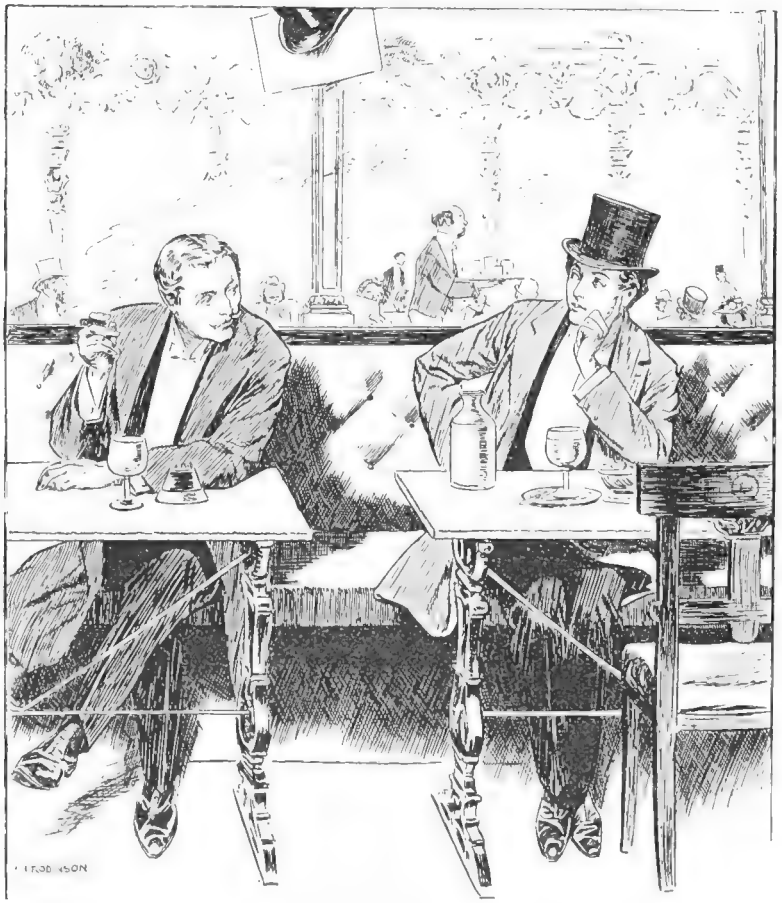
As she spoke, her anxiety on account of the increasing difficulty of her position almost overmastered her. Fearing that she would suddenly lose her self-control, she searched eagerly through her unaccustomed pockets for her handkerchief. As she drew it out at last, a letter addressed to herself fell face upwards at her companion's feet. Stooping hastily to pick it up, he glanced unconsciously at the superscription before he handed it back. As she took the envelope from him, Paula wondered at the curious glance of inquiry that came into his eyes. He looked as if he were going to ask a question. Instead of doing so, however, he quietly observed—

"You don't seem to get on very well with your absinthe."

"No," replied the girl innocently. "Do you know—I think there must be something the matter with it, because it tastes so much like aniseed."

"That's a peculiarity of absinthe," replied the other gravely—a strange smile, however, flickering about the corners of his mouth. "If I were you, though," he added, "I'd send it away and have some coffee instead. They used to brew it quite decently here."

She thanked him for the suggestion, and, summoning a waiter, gave the necessary order. Then, placing her elbows on the



"Do you come here often?" he asked.

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The *fracas* attracted the manager and a waiter to their corner of the room.

table, she leaned forward and looked up at her companion. The retrospective nature of his last remark excited her curiosity. His personality interested her strangely. She felt that there was a story lurking in the depths of those dark blue eyes of his, and, woman-like, determined to extract it from him.

"You've been here before then?" she asked.

"Very often—in the old days, that is. The place was rather different then, and I couldn't come in here for five minutes at night without meeting people whom I knew. I've been abroad for the last ten years, though, and now all my old friends seem to have discovered fresh haunts."

"Ah, people—that is friends—do make a difference, don't they?" she broke in.

"Naturally," was the calm answer, "just as differences destroy friendships."

The girl laughed at the other's air of solemnity.

"Is it differences of opinion that you mean?" she asked.

"Sometimes of opinion, sometimes of—dress," answered the stranger quietly.

Before she had time to frame a second question, the entrance of a rather noisy party of men and women made her turn her head. The group had seated themselves at the table next to her's. One of the new comers, who had already obviously dined more plentifully than wisely, regarded her look of disgust with no friendly spirit. Without saying anything, however, he leaned over and rudely reached across for the match-stand. As he did so, he lost his balance and lurched violently against her. Instantly he began to abuse the girl for intentionally tripping him up, and, before she could proffer a word of explanation, he seized her glass and dashed its contents in her face.

It had all happened so quickly that hitherto her friend had been powerless to intervene. Now, however, he was on his feet in a moment, and, with a well directed blow, knocked the girl's assailant down. A scene of wild excitement ensued and the *fracas* quickly attracted the manager and a waiter to their corner of the room.

White and terrified at the turn events were taking, Paula looked appealingly at her ally.

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The manager, note-book in hand, was officiously asking questions, and a storm of explanations and inquiries in half-a-dozen languages promptly arose. When the uproar had somewhat subsided, the manager came up to the girl.

"M'sieur will please favour me with his name and address?" he demanded magisterially.

The request filled her with dismay. It was impossible to refuse compliance, and it was equally impossible to grant it. What should she say, she wondered, visions of her appearance in a police-court if she withheld her name—floating before her. In despair, she glanced at the stranger with whom she had been talking——

"All right," he answered quietly, interpreting the look. "Do as the manager asks—it's a mere matter of form—you won't hear anything more about it."

An idea suddenly struck her. The name that had all day been ringing so insistently in her ears would do to give the man. It was he, she argued with feminine casuistry, who had got her into the trouble, and he would have to get her out of it again. Accordingly, and without pausing to consider the possible consequences, she answered—"Sir John Gore, Wanderers' Club."

"Much obliged, sir," returned the manager obsequiously as he went to the next table to obtain similar particulars of the original cause of the disturbance.

"I think we'd better leave this at once," remarked her friend, regarding her with a look in which compassion and amusement seemed curiously blended. "The best thing you can do will be to go straight home. I'll get you a hansom."

As they stood in the doorway waiting for the cab that had been summoned, Paula held out her hand——

"You've been awfully good to me," she said simply, "and I'd like to know who you are?"

The stranger took her little ungloved hand in his, held it for a long time, seemed about to make some remark, and then apparently changed his mind.

"Good-bye," he answered at last. "Perhaps I'm not going quite out of your life after all. I very much hope we shall see a great deal of each other before either of us is much older."

Wondering at his words, she got into the hansom that had just drawn up. As it bowled rapidly along towards Park Lane, she looked at the card the speaker had left in her hand On its smooth white surface was the inscription—'Sir John Gore, Wanderers' Club.'

IV.

Paula's feelings, as the full import of her action in giving the stranger's name as her own dawned upon her, may be better imagined than described. All through the homeward drive she was haunted with the fear that Sir John would write and inform Mr. Trevor of his chance meeting with her and its strange *dénouement*. Even if he refrained from doing this, he would at least, she reflected, decide to defer his intended visit. In this case her father would certainly insist upon an explanation, and then the whole story of her escapade would be sure to come out. From whatever standpoint she regarded it the outlook was serious. But Sir John, in his last words to her as he saw her into the cab at the door of the restaurant, had said that he hoped to see her again. He had said it, too, she felt, with a distinct thrill of pleasure at the recollection, as though he had meant it. Surely, then, he intended to stand by her? Yes, she was certain he would—he looked that sort of man.

As the cab drew up at the house at last, Paula, latch-key in hand, sprang out in an agony of impatience.

"Have I been missed?" she queried anxiously of Marie, who was keeping a look out for her young mistress in the hall.

"No, Mam'selle," was the reassuring reply. "Mr. Trevor has not yet returned."

So far so good, thought the girl. There was yet another matter to be settled, however.

"Has Mr. Gascoigne been to ask for me?"

"He called a few minutes ago," was the answer, "to inquire if you had received the telegram from him that arrived ten minutes after you started."

"Give it to me quick!"

In answer to her question, the maid handed her the telegram of which she spoke. Paula read the message—"Mistake in my note. Said Café Lombardy instead of Café Majestic. Meet me at latter place at 9.30—George."

"I think not," said Paula determinedly. "One mistake in one night is quite enough for me."

Sir John Gore, to whom she explained this view on the following afternoon, fully agreed with her. As she said "Yes" to a rather important question that he put to her before the conclusion of his visit, the agreement between the two was a lasting one. On the night of their return to town after the honeymoon they supped, by Paula's express wish, at the Café Lombardy.

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IN THE FUTURE.

Baby dear, with all the world before you,
Opening out before your dreamless gaze—
Should we smile, or shudder, if we saw you
When the world has shown you all its ways?

Little feet with weary paths to travel,
Little heart with heavy loads to bear,
Little mind with myst'ries to unravel,
Shall you bravely, nobly do your share?

Little dimpled hands and rosy fingers,
Is a long life's work in store for you;
Or will Death, with touch that gently lingers,
Give you rest while yet that work is new?

Be it as it may, sweet baby flower,
In the Future that no eye can see—
Be the storm or sunshine most your dower,
Bravely struggle till the end shall be.

Winifred Helsby.

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MICK, THE LADDER-CLIMBER.

THE accompanying set of photographs illustrates a very clever trick performed by an Irish terrier named Mick, the property of Mr. Leslie Pogson, of Anwick, Sleaford. The ladder seen in the photograph is rather lighter than the ordinary article; it is about ten feet in length, and the staves—which are thin and rounded—are nine inches apart.

Mick starts his journey.

Almost at the top.

The last rung.

The trick consists of walking up one side of the ladder, crawling over the top, and then coming down the other side. For the ascent the ladder—as seen in the first photograph—is slightly tilted to afford a better foothold for the performer. As the dog approaches the top, the ladder is gradually brought to the perpendicular, and when he commences the descent, tilted again, but now in the opposite direction.

Changing from one side to the other at the top is a very ticklish operation, and it was at this stage in the proceedings that Mick most often came to grief when he was learning the trick. Several weeks were occupied in making him proficient, and during that time he frequently had a fall from a more or less exalted position on the ladder.

Mick always accomplishes the descent with great caution, as it has to be made head-foremost, but falls or mishaps of any kind are now comparative rarities.

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Turning: A crucial moment.

Mick commences the downward journey.

En route.

Nearing the bottom.

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By Erroll Stanhope.

My name is Clarissa—it always has been, as far as I can remember — anyway, I don't recollect any other. Everyone calls me Clarissa, except one or two rude visitors, mostly boys, who come to see my mistress, and *they* call me "Old Whiskers."

Of course I never answer to the name, no self-respecting cat would, but I was very annoyed about it the other day, because my son (his name is The Gay Lord Quex) heard it, and now I can't get him to call me "mother" any more.

My mistress's name is Clarissa also. Whether it was a coincidence or whether she was called after me I can't tell you. She is twenty years old. I don't know how old I am; cat-years are not the same as human years. I count my days between my meal-times, and when Clarissa is out and I am left for Margaret to feed, it is usually a very long day—that's all I know.

If I was going to tell you about the servant, I should have a lot to say. Her name, as I said before, is Margaret, but Clarissa always calls her the Slave, because it is part of her work to make my bed and cook my food, for I am treated very well where I live.

I call her the Slave sometimes, and she usually goes about with her mouth open and makes a scraping noise with her feet. I like to put my head through the kitchen bannisters and call out "Slave!" as loud as I can, but she doesn't understand me, of course. Clarissa does, though—she's very clever for a human being—and it is really about her that I am going to tell, so I hope you will excuse my having spoken of the servant.

My hair (I have a lot, because I am a Persian lady, and my grandfather was imported — I don't know what that means, unless it is that he is dead, because he is)—my hair is grey and my eyes are green. Now my mistress's eyes are grey and her hair is brown, and she isn't a Persian, which is a misfortune.

All my children have grey coats and green eyes and are Persians, and I should have liked her to have been the same.

Lots of people used to come to our house, but there was only one that *I* really liked. He was a young man, an artist, and his name was Lovat Braithwaite. Mrs. Duke—that's my mistress's mother—used to think he came to see her, because she had beautiful white hands and he admired them—but I knew better. I used to be sitting under one of the hall chairs when Clarissa let him out, and I've seen him kiss her. She did not seem to mind it, so, of course, I never said anything, because, as I mentioned before, I liked him he had a nice *stroking* hand.

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One day when I was combing Lord Quex's hair and trying to keep the baby quiet in the basket, I heard angry voices, and Mrs. Duke came in with a very red face, followed by Clarissa with a very white one.

Cats' faces don't change colour, so I could not make out what it was about, but I soon learnt.

"I call it a piece of gross impertinence on his part, to *dare* to ask you to marry him. A beggarly artist with £200 a year, indeed!"

"But, Mamma, he is very fond of me and I am very fond of—him," said Clarissa.

"Pooh, pack of nonsense! *Fond* of him, indeed! So you may be, but you won't marry him—not with *my* consent!" cried the old lady, and then Clarissa began to cry.

I left Quex to mind the baby and jumped out of the basket on to her knee, and put my face close to hers, like she had taught me to do, for I felt very sorry for Clarissa. Mrs. Duke put out one of her white hands to push me away, but I put out mine and scratched her—and I hissed at her, too.

"There!" said my mistress, "Clarissa loves me, like Lovat! She feels sorry for me, too."

But the old lady was very put out, because she was very fond of me—and of her own hands also. I did not feel a bit sorry, because I remembered quite well when the tabby gentleman, who lives five doors up the road on the other side, came to see me, she behaved just the same—threw a flower-pot at him, and slapped me and shut me up in the kitchen!

He had a nice stroking hand.

I never found out whether she threw flower-pots at Lovat; she's quite capable of it.

I purred to Clarissa and told her how pretty she was, just as I like her to tell me so, because it's comforting to know you are nice-looking, and I also said I would see what I could do for her and Mr. Braithwaite, because I knew the old lady doted on me; so I thought perhaps if I threatened to eat Lord Quex, she might let Clarissa get married. What business was it of hers, anyway?

I little thought, however, what I was undertaking.

Young Braithwaite called next day and talked a long time with my mistress, and she cried, and, poor things! I did feel sorry for them.

I was annoyed, myself, at the time of the flower-pot incident, but it did not worry me as much as their trouble seemed to worry them.

I sat and watched them for a bit, and when he went I strolled out and sat on a gate-post at the bottom of the garden to think things over. I had been there about five minutes when a nurse with a baby came along, and a little boy running in front of her. Now, as a rule, I don't care for little boys; they usually scream when they see a cat and ask for it, but this child seemed very nice.

He came quite quietly and said: "Oh, you pretty pussy, may I stroke you?"

Of course I said he might, and I got up and showed him my tail, and he was delighted. He had a nice stroking hand, too, like Lovat's, only smaller.

"Will you come home with me, pussy, and see my grandma?" he said. "She is very fond of pretty ones like you."

And really whether it was that I was preoccupied over my mistress's love affairs, or whether I was anxious to give the "grandma" a treat, I can't say, but I let that child take me in his arms.

No sooner had he got me than he started running as fast as he could. I rather enjoyed the ride at first, and managed to bow to the tabby gentleman when we passed his house. But when the little boy turned the corner and I did not recognise where I was, I called out: "Stop, stop! I want to get down." But he never stopped, and the more I struggled the tighter he hugged me, until I felt ill. The nurse called to him, too, but he did not take any notice of that—a way I have often noticed with Quex. I suppose children are all alike.

I was very put out, and said so at the top of my voice, you may be sure, but the little boy never let go till he had reached a house and opened the door.

The room we went into had several people in it, who were having tea. I was too agitated to notice any but two, one an old lady with spectacles, and the other a

Google

young man whom I recognised as Lovat Braithwaite. I felt glad all over when I saw him, because I knew I was safe now.

The little boy put me down and cried: "Look, grandma, at my lovely pussy!"

Lovat looked up and got quite red. "Where on earth did you get that from, Freddy?" he said.

The little boy said he had found me in the street, which was a story, for I was sitting on the post of the gate, and if it had been Lord Quex I should have boxed his ears for such an untruth.

"Why, it's—" cried Lovat, and then he stopped. He was going to say I was Clarissa's cat, but I could see he stopped to think out something.

The old lady admired me and said I was "Chinchilla," and I purred, because she was quite right. And then she told Freddy he would have to take me back again, but he began to cry and said he did not know where I came from. Silly child! he did not know my address.

I jumped on to Lovat's knee and rubbed my head against him, and asked him to take me home, and one of the girls in the room laughed and said: "Lovat, you will be a bachelor—the cat comes to you," and then they all laughed but Lovat. He didn't laugh.

I waited awhile to see if anything was going to be done for me, but as nobody seemed to take much interest, and, as Lovat appeared to be still thinking something over, I went up to the old lady and said as slowly and distinctly as I could:

"Will you please send me home?—Quex has no doubt put his tail between the bars of the grate by now and the Slave has trodden on the baby!" But she only patted me and said:

"Poor thing, it's frightened."

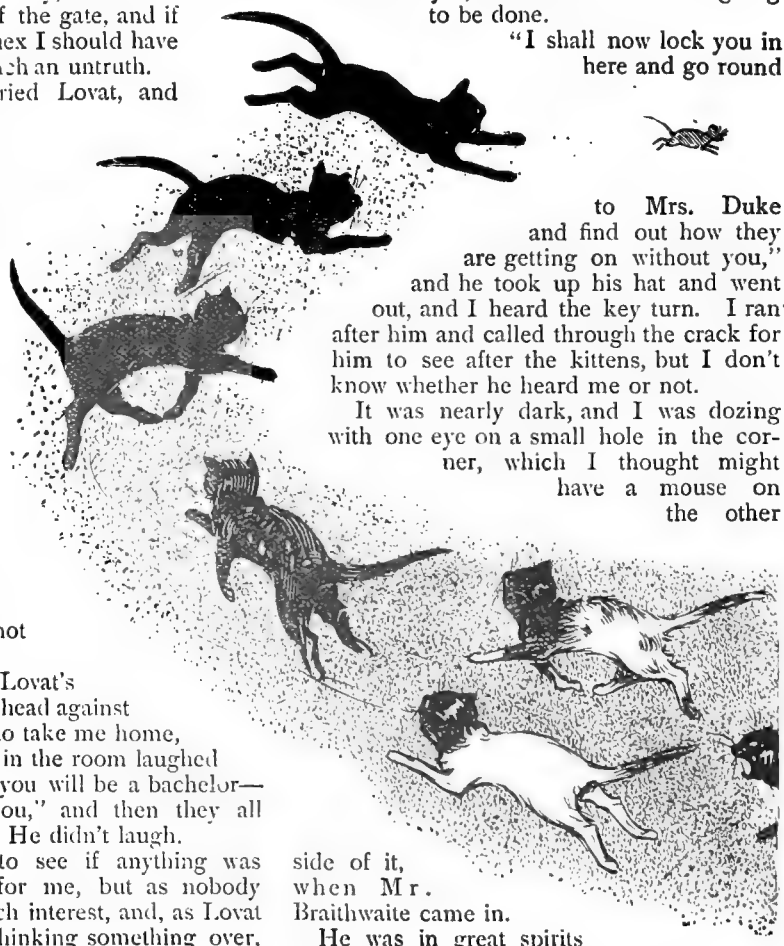
She was a silly old lady.

Suddenly Lovat seemed to decide something in his own mind, because he got up, and pouring some milk into a saucer, took me under his arm and went upstairs to his studio. Here he put me on the sofa and said:

"There, Clarissa! Fate has brought you to my house, so I will see what you can do to help me. We shall have to practise a little deception, I daresay, but all is fair in love and war—isn't it, you poor dear?"

I said yes, and asked what was going to be done.

"I shall now lock you in here and go round to Mrs. Duke and find out how they are getting on without you," and he took up his hat and went out, and I heard the key turn. I ran after him and called through the crack for him to see after the kittens, but I don't know whether he heard me or not.



It was nearly dark, and I was dozing with one eye on a small hole in the corner, which I thought might have a mouse on the other side of it, when Mr. Braithwaite came in.

He was in great spirits and said all was going well. Mrs. Duke was in tears and had inquired at every house in the road for me, and Clarissa was so upset herself that he told her where I was, and she had sent me a kiss and some supper. He gave me the supper in a paper, but I noticed that he kept the kiss.

The next day he brought the kittens for a little while. I was very glad to see them and had to hold Lord Quex down before he would tell me anything. He had never been out before, and was so excited he

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could hardly speak. However, he told me the old lady was inconsolable and had large papers printed with £5 reward for me, because she thought I was stolen, and if I did not come back she was going to offer £10.

I was glad to hear this, because I knew then that I was worth a lot of money; but I gave Quex a lecture on steadiness, because I felt pretty sure he would be alone with the baby for some time yet. Then my little family were taken back again for fear Mrs. Duke should come home suddenly and miss them.

I stayed in the studio for nearly a week. It was very dull, but Lovat used to tell me the news every day when he came back, and as it was helping Clarissa I did not mind, although I wished sometimes that that hole *had* a mouse inside it—but it hadn't.

One day he came in and caught me in his arms.

"Oh, Clarissa!" he cried, "it has come at last! The poor old lady put her hand on my shoulder and begged me to find you. 'Only get her back for me,' she said, 'and I will give you *anything!* Spare no expense, but get her back!' And I said I would search night and day till I found you, so to-morrow, my green-eye, you are going home!"

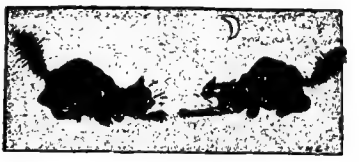
I waited in great impatience,

as you may suppose. It was quite late at night when he came for me, and he brought a dirty little fish-basket with him.

I smelt the basket and did not like it at all.

Then he took a lot of charcoal and dust off his table, and rubbings of chalk, and smeared me all over. I got fearfully angry and spat at him and scratched his hands in a dozen places, but he only laughed.

"So much the better, Clarissa!" he said. "It looks as if I had had a struggle to get you. You've been stolen and kept in a cellar, remember, for a week, by a thief in the Seven Dials!"



When he had made me look very dirty he then took oil and milk and soaked my fur with it to make all the dust and rubbish stick in, till I looked so ugly you would hardly have known me. Then he pushed me into the fish-basket, and skewered it safely.

I yelled and yelled when I was in there, but he never took any notice, and went out swinging me backwards and forwards in his hand until I felt quite ill.

By-and-by I heard him walking on a gravel path and I guessed I had reached home.

I heard the clock strike twelve as he knocked at the door, and I called out and told him how silly he was to knock, as everyone would be in bed. Presently I heard a window open, and Mrs. Duke's voice said:

"Who is that?"

"It's I — Lovat Braithwaite. Come down, please. I've got her!" was the answer. And you should have heard the bundling noise! I should think the old lady must have clambered over all the furniture and slid down the bannisters by the fuss she made. She turned out the Slave and Clarissa on the way down, but she got there first and opened the door.

"Oh, you dear, *dear* boy!—have you really got my darling?" she cried, and then he handed her the basket. In another instant she had me in her arms and was weeping over me, while Clarissa moaned over my dirty coat, and the Slave stood with a candle in her hand half-way up the stairs, her mouth open as usual!

"Oh, where did she come from? oh, where did you get her? where has she been?" cried Mrs. Duke all at once, and not waiting for any answer.

"As you feared—stolen. Found her in a cellar in the Seven Dials," said Lovat in rather a low voice.

No wonder he spoke in that subdued tone

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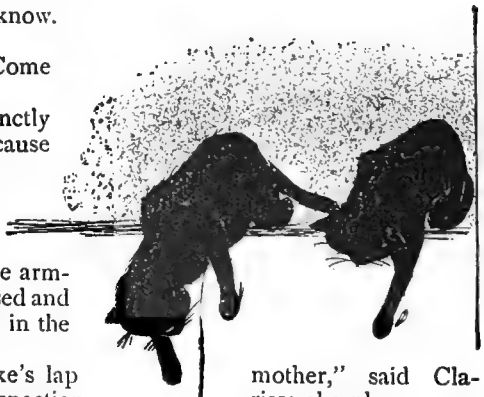
—how he could have said it at all I don't know. But Mrs. Duke never guessed!

"Come in," she said, still clasping me. "Come in and tell us all about it."

Lovat coughed modestly and came in. I distinctly saw him squeeze Clarissa's arm as he did so, because I was looking under the old lady's arm at the time.



We went into the sitting-room. I looked round, and noticed the arm-chairs had been reversed and there was a new fern in the middle window.

I got off Mrs. Duke's lap and made a tour of inspection.

"Look, poor dear, she is glad to get home," they said.

So I was, but that wasn't all. I called at all the old haunts round the wainscot and discovered mice in three separate places. I was hurt at this discovery, for it showed plainly that Quex had been neglecting his duties during my absence, and I framed, mentally, a smart lecture to be delivered to the young gentleman.

I found the footstool at last, and sat on it, and began to do my hair. I was arrested (with my tongue out) in the act of rubbing my left ear by hearing Lovat's voice. There I sat, spell-bound, listening to him.

"—— it was a dark cellar, as dark, as dark as——a cellar. On a wooden bench was one candle, stuck in an old beer bottle. The air, the damp air——"

"How bad for her poor dear lungs." This from Mrs. Duke.

"The damp air reeked with tobacco and bad language. Seated at the board were five men—men of the lowest, most brutal type — men whose very proximity was contamination!"

"Dear, dear," from both ladies.

"There were three bulldogs amongst the group."

"And was my darling cat in the middle of them?" almost shrieked the old lady.

"Don't interrupt, mother," said Clarissa sharply.

"And there was I——in a den of thieves!"

"Good gracious! I wonder you ever came out alive!"

"At sight of me they started to their feet, knives gleamed in their hands, and at a whispered word the three bulldogs simultaneously flew at me! Grasping the first two, I knocked their heads together, and with one well-directed kick I sent the other across the cellar. Then I shouted: 'Stop, I have not come to harm you, but to fetch a cat I know to be stolen and hidden here.'"

"What did they do?" gasped the old lady.

"I fought them *all!* Left them insensible, recovered the cat from a basket in the corner, and left the cellar without a mark!" and Lovat bowed modestly.

Clarissa, with a look of mingled love and pride, got up, and, putting her arms round his neck, kissed him in front of her mother.

"And you shall be rewarded," she said.

"I can never thank you enough, never!" cried Mrs. Duke. "A young man who would take so much trouble after an old woman's cat won't make such a bad husband after all!" she said.

And I *did* feel glad to think it was all through me.

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WORKERS IN MOSAIC

How Fancy Pavements are Made.

By H. S. Hargreaves.

One of the most popular ways of beautifying public buildings is by means of mosaic work. Very little, however, is generally known of this art—the amount of labour, skill, and capital required in producing the work. By the courtesy of the Art Pavement and Decorations Co., Limited, I am enabled to place the reader in possession of many interesting facts concerning this industry.

Marble mosaic paving dates back to the Roman period, but this art was really derived from the Greeks, and the designs most approved at the present time are copies from actual work executed by the Romans. There is a beautiful specimen of a Roman mosaic pavement in the Guildhall Museum which was discovered 30ft. below the surface in Bucklersbury while digging the foundation for a new building.

It is, however, only within the last thirty years that mosaic has come into general use in England; and now it can claim to be one of the largest industries of the artistic paving trade. As an example of its progress, it may be mentioned that twenty years ago the Italian mosaic workmen in this country numbered only about twenty, but at the present time there are no fewer than 2000 employed. It is, in fact, essentially an Italian occupation, and the swarthy denizens of the sunny south hold a monopoly of it. This is ascribed to the fact that they are said to possess more patience than we Britons. It may be so, or it may not. English girls, however, are employed for the simpler stages of the work, and, I understand, exhibit much aptitude.

Very few persons when walking over an ordinary marble mosaic pavement have the smallest idea where all the coloured marbles come from, and I think they would be surprised to know that the productions of nearly every quarry in Europe has to be employed in making up the designs. Here is a list of some of the principal places:—

Light red	... ...	Italy
Dark „	... ...	„
Brown	... ...	Belgium
White	... ...	Italy
Green	... ...	Ireland
Black	... ...	Belgium
Cream	...	South of France
Yellow	... ...	Italy
Dove	... ...	„

It is almost unnecessary to remark that a tremendous amount

The first process. A full-size design drawing.

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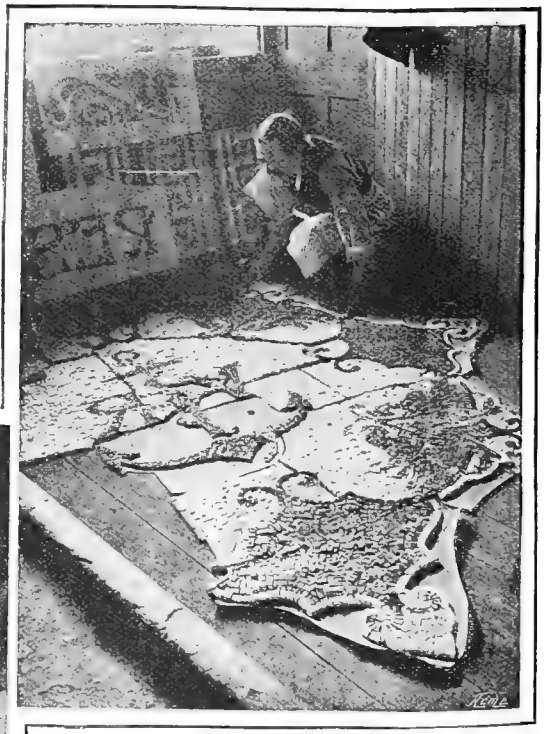
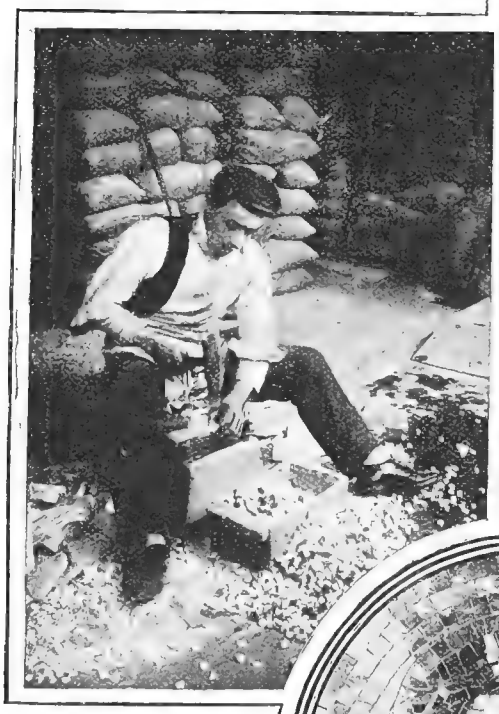
of labour is entailed in the production of a mosaic pavement. Every little cube—called a "tesserra"—must be placed in position by itself; many of them have to be trimmed to fit. But let me take the whole process from the start.

First, then, the architect of the building supplies a plan of the place with instructions as to the character and general idea of the design required. The draughtsman then prepares his drawing to a certain scale, showing exactly the arrangement of the pattern, and even the formation of the marble



Fitting the various pieces together to form the completed design.



How the special stones are cut by hand. Ordinary stone is cut by machine.

"tesserra"—each cube being distinctly outlined.

When this is approved, the design is transferred to brown paper, being drawn slightly larger than full size—to allow for expansion. It is then cut up into sections and handed to the various workmen and work-girls, who fit the different coloured marble on with a special gum.

A finished design.

It is here, of course, where the patience is required. To give an idea what a trying task it is, I may mention that a 3ft. length of ordinary border, with a width of a little over a foot, requires 600 cubes of marble to complete it. Each one has to be picked out and stuck on. A smart girl can do three of these borders in a day.

Now imagine, if you can, the labour entailed in supplying a big public building with all the fancy mosaic work needed. I am in a position to give some very interesting statistics, worked out especially

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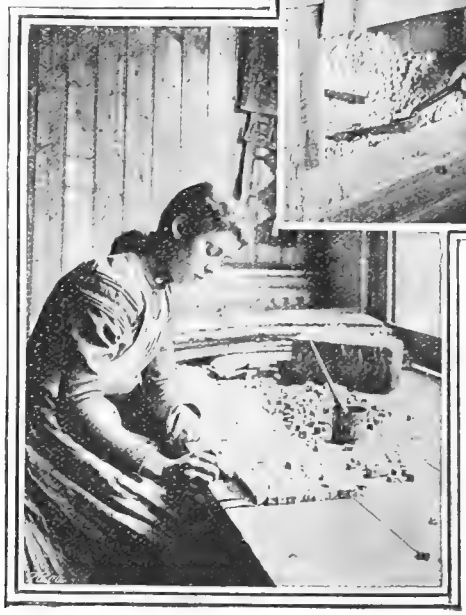
for this article, by the firm above mentioned, of the paving of one of the largest blocks of offices ever erected in the City of London. I refer to Salisbury House, London Wall.

The borders alone measure nearly a mile in length. Altogether there are 7,000 square yards to be laid, or 63,000ft. Over 30,000,000 pieces of marble have to go through the hands of those employed in producing the pavement. The marble alone weighs 150 tons, and with the cement 250 tons. As may be supposed, the architect must be very careful in estimating the bearing strength of the foundation and girders.

When the cubes are gummed on to the paper they are placed face downwards, the upper side being rough and uneven. The design being complete the work is placed on a drying rack above a heated stove, when it soon becomes firm and stiff as a board. When all the parts are in readiness they are taken to the building and placed together in position on a cement bed in much the same way that a child's puzzle is pieced together. The brown paper is now uppermost, and this is thoroughly soaked with water and removed. The cement works into the interstices of the cubes and causes the slight expansion already alluded to, and which is allowed for. It is finally rolled and rubbed down with grit stone to a smooth surface. It is rather surprising to learn that the work is done for the matter of a few shillings per square yard.

A stock of the stone cubes used in the work.

The cut stone stored in lockers.



Filling in the background.

At one time, when marble was scarce, and the "tesserra" were cut by hand, mosaic work could be indulged in only by the very wealthy. But the importation of large quantities of material and the introduction of machinery have very considerably reduced prices. Cutting by hand is done only when special colours are required for rich ornamental work.

The quantity of marble tesserra imported from Italy to England alone exceeds 10,000 tons a year, or 200,000 cwt. sacks, sufficient to lay 500,000 square yards.

During the last two years the following buildings have been fitted with mosaic work:—New Admiralty Buildings, 10,000 square yards; Royal Albert Hall, 1,500 yards; Royal Alexandra Hospital, Rhyl, 2,500 yards; and St. Thomas Hospital, 5,000 yards.

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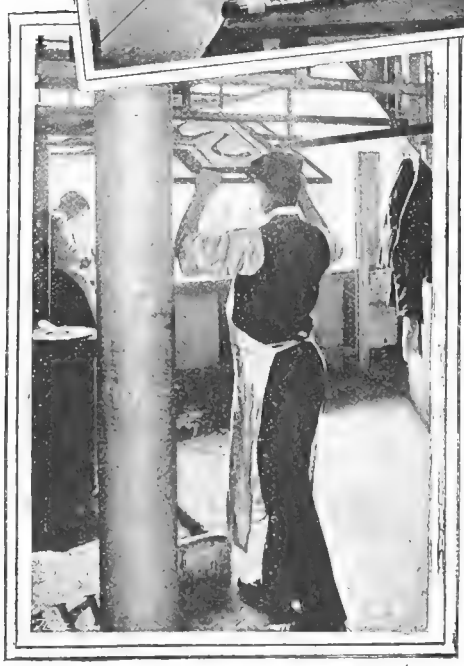
Making and mounting the design.

Moving the work when finished on a tray.



Putting the finished work to dry on a rack.

At the Alexandra Trust the Princess of Wales' monogram was worked into the mosaic pavement. A special drawing of this had to be made and submitted to the Princess for her approval.

The cutting up of the marble is done abroad. The smallest and hardest blocks are taken from the quarry and placed under saws driven by water power, and cut into slabs ½in. thick. The slabs are then placed under a chopping machine, which cuts them into the required size, leaving, of course, the sawn faces perfectly true and square.

The industry has only been taken up to any extent by Italy during the last five years, but it will prove a source of considerable income to that country if the progress which is now being made continues.

There is scarcely anything in formation or colour which cannot be accomplished in marble mosaic. I saw in the course of execution floral borders, centre-pieces of most elaborate construction, a Coat-of-Arms for a Town Hall, and an Anchor for the Chatham Naval Barracks.

Some beautiful work is also turned out in glass mosaic. Only Venetian glass is used, and it is interesting to learn how some of the effects are produced. For instance, to add brilliancy to their reds the Italians throw a gold coin into the furnace. For a gold surface they apply the leaf to the glass when it is soft, then blow a bubble of glass and let it burst over the gold.

This forms a protective layer, and preserves the gold for quite a lengthened period. England has endeavoured to copy this process, but not at all successfully.

As may be supposed, a great deal of room is required to prepare mosaic work. The premises of the above-mentioned firm are very extensive, and the staff of workers very large. The cubes are kept in lockers, each kind and colour being separate, and labelled on the outside. When they are required to form a design they are shovelled out with metal scoops, and manipulated on wooden benches. To be a successful worker in mosaic it is absolutely necessary to be well equipped with patience.

Good mosaic will last a very long time. It is quite a customary thing to give a twenty-five years warranty with the work.

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By John K. Leys.

Colonel Prendergast was well on in the forties, and in spite of his most careful efforts was beginning to show signs of advancing years. But he was undeniably good-looking, tall, well set-up, and admirably groomed. Being a man of good family and a bachelor, he had the *entrée* to some very good houses, but his preference lay in the direction of smart society, without much regard to its quality in other respects.

People in London do not trouble their heads much about the financial condition of their neighbours, and so it was only known to a few of the Colonel's intimates that he had very nearly got to the end of his tether. It was a matter of surprise, therefore, to the majority of his acquaintances when they heard of his engagement, and subsequently of his marriage, to Lady Julia Browse.

On the other hand, the friends of Lady Julia were quite as much surprised when they heard of her betrothal to Colonel Prendergast. She was the sixth daughter of an impecunious Scotch earl, and she had married, when hope was beginning to fade in her virgin breast, Cornelius Browse, Esq., of The Towers, South Bucks. Mr. Browse was in business—as a matter of fact he was an importer of margarine on a large scale—but his connection with trade was then mainly confined to the signing of cheques, and he was willing to share his enormous wealth with any eligible daughter of the aristocracy who was not too squeamish to put up with him.

To his great disappointment they had no children; and thus it happened that when the worthy man died of apoplexy in the sixty-third year of his age, his widow found herself the undisputed owner of The Towers, and a very handsome income derived from funds admirably invested.

The real reason that induced Lady Julia to succumb to the flatteries of the gallant Colonel was that her life had hitherto been rather a dull one, and she believed that Colonel Prendergast would be able to introduce her to the highest social circles—regions which her birth and her newly-inherited wealth really entitled her to enter, but to which as yet she had not been able to penetrate.

The honeymoon was a great success.

Lady Julia, a sweet young thing of thirty-three, was enchanted with the mountains and glaciers of Switzerland, the lakes and palaces of Italy, the ancient wonders of Egypt, which, under the direction of the Colonel, Mr.

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Browse's wealth enabled her to behold for the first time.

It was not until the couple had returned to England and plunged into the vortex of London society, that the shadow of Disillusionment began to spread its wings over their heads. The Colonel thought it a hardship that he had not full control of his wife's stocks and shares. He found, however, that Lady Julia had not been born in Aberdeenshire for nothing, and that a fragile creature, whose strongest defensive weapon is a tear or a reproachful look, can be as obstinate as a breakwater.

Lady Julia, on her side, was quite as much disappointed, though she was too proud to say anything about it. She found that her husband's friends were quite as little to her taste as the people whom the late Cornelius had been accustomed to bring to The Towers. They were smart, indeed, but a trifle too smart. They were empty-headed, loud-voiced, vulgar. Their conversation, when it was not concerned with racing or the music halls, polo or pigeon matches, turned chiefly upon eating and drinking.

Lady Julia told her husband that Lord Spender, Mrs. Mauleverer, and the rest of them, might belong to the modern world of fashion, but they were not the style of people she cared for, and she gradually dropped their acquaintance—she, in her turn, being severely left to herself as an old frump who was not worth knowing. Finally Lady Julia withdrew to The Towers, and there the stream of her desires, being dammed in one direction, reverted to an earlier channel. In her youth she had been of a very religious turn of mind; she now became a philanthropist.

It was in vain that Colonel Prendergast bemoaned, almost with tears in his eyes, the waste of money that went on, in the shape of annual subscriptions, to a score of charitable institutions, and the large gifts made every now and then to Building Funds, Endowment Schemes, and the like. Lady Julia was gently submissive in manner; her deprecating eyes followed her lord and master about the room like those of a timid spaniel; she did not dare to defend her extravagances in words; but as soon as the Colonel's back was turned she would sign and dispatch, with a little sigh, half of satisfaction, half of regret, a cheque that would almost have paid the Colonel's debts.

One consequence of all this was that the Colonel's smart friends were beginning to fight a little shy of him. He was not so amusing as he used to be, and he did not spend so much as he did in the days of his bachelorhood. Besides, he was getting old.

For some time Prendergast pondered the problem how he might rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his fashionable friends, and at the same time assert himself more in dealing with his wife, and force her to abandon the attitude she had assumed with regard to his friends. At length the chaffing remark of an acquaintance whom he particularly disliked, caused him to make a bold attempt to throw off the mantle of dull, cold respectability in which his wife was slowly enveloping him, and assert himself as master of The Towers.

It was one evening when the Colonel during one of his numerous visits to the metropolis—Lady Julia remaining at The Towers—was sitting at supper with some friends at the Criterion after the play. Sir Philip Raymond, a young sporting squire, had said something about coverts which led Colonel Prendergast to remark that he also knew something of country life.

"Ah, yes. You have a place somewhere near town—or is it your wife?" was the courteous retort of Sir Philip; and before the Colonel, who was pale with rage, could find a fitting reply, a vulgar little fellow who spent about two thousand pounds a-month, called out across the table——"I say, Prendergast, you're always talking about your grand place down in the shires, but none of us have ever seen it. Aren't you going to ask some of us down one of these days?"

He turned and winked to a lady sitting beside him. The Colonel saw the wink, and his pale face flushed into red as he replied—"Most happy, I'm sure, if any of you can spare the time to come down. Choose your own day. Come to luncheon, and we can have tennis and billiards, and perhaps some boating, in the afternoon."

The ladies of the party one and all declared that it was a lovely idea, and the engagement was duly booked, some thirty people promising to honour The Towers with their presence.

It was not until the next morning that the Colonel realised the importance of the crisis, but having laid the train, he was not the man to shrink from firing it. In spite of a splitting headache he called at a famous caterer's, and ordered a *recherché* luncheon for thirty-five persons and a corresponding quantity of champagne — Mr. Browse had despised wine, and there was scarcely any of it in the house—to be sent down to The Towers on the 16th of the month. Then, reflecting that his wife must

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pay the bill, as it was far beyond the reach of his privy purse, he ordered a quantity of flowers, and finally a first-class string band. For already a variation on the original idea had come into his mind—he would invite all of his guests who were not engaged for the evening to stay to dinner and an informal dance in the evening, and would have ready for them an entertainment which would shed lustre upon the house and its master.

It was with something approaching timidity that the Colonel informed his consort that he had invited a few friends to come down for an afternoon. "You won't have any trouble, my dear," he said, "beyond receiving the crowd. I'll see that a proper lunch is ordered from town."

"I suppose, Frederick, these people are—persons whom I can properly receive? Who are they?"

"Properly receive! My dear Julia, they are some of the smartest people in London."

"That I don't doubt," said Lady Julia quietly. "What I should like to know is whether they are respectable."

The Colonel . . . was sitting at supper with some friends at the Criterion after the play.

"I should not bring them here if they were not," said the Colonel stiffly.

"Well, who are they?"

"Well, there's Philip Raymond, for one."

"A cad and a snob, if ever there was one."

"There are the Courcy-Davenants—you can't object to them—and the Markhams, and the Spender set, and the Dudley-Flashingtons."

Lady Julia's face darkened as she listened. She sat for a few moments silent.

"I thought perhaps you wouldn't mind having a bit of dinner for any of them who cared to stay the evening," said the Colonel, moodily pulling at his moustache.

Lady Julia said nothing for a moment, then she turned to her husband with a smile on her face.

"We seem both to have taken a fit of hospitality at the same time," she said. "You know the Diocesan Conference is to meet at Winchester next week, and there is a scheme to found a Home for Nursing Sisters in the Diocese. I have been told that the Bishop wishes to hold a meeting of a few influential people to explain the idea to them, before the scheme is made public, and I thought of offering them our drawing-room. We would need to ask them for the day, of course."

At another time the Colonel would have seen in this plan another advance of the enemy, but he was so pleased at getting his own proposal carried with so little opposition,

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that he consented willingly, stipulating, however, that the Bishop and his friends should be asked for the seventeenth, the day after his party, so that the remains of his feast should be utilised for the next day's entertainment, and not *vice versa*. He even helped his wife to draft a card of invitation, which he then copied out and sent to town to be lithographed, along with a list of the persons to whom it was to be sent.

Great preparations were made at The Towers for the Colonel's garden party and the dinner which was to follow it. A large marquee was erected on the lawn, where the luncheon which had arrived from town by the first train was duly laid out. Carriages and waggonettes were hired to convey the expected guests from the railway station, four miles away; and the Colonel himself drove over to meet them in his dogcart, an hour before the train was due, as he had some business to transact with the station-master.

The hired vehicles, added to the carriages from the stables at The Towers, made a brave show at the station, and the Colonel's heart swelled with a just pride as he surveyed his regiment of guests, all in the highest spirits, and chaffing one another with that total disregard of each other's feelings which is the salt of modern wit.

In the course of half-an-hour the great gates at the foot of the avenue were passed, and when Colonel Prendergast came in sight of the marquee he noticed a number of figures in black moving across the lawn. It struck him that the firm of caterers must have sent down an unusual number of waiters. But he soon became aware that the number of strangers was too great for that explanation, and then for a moment he was speechless with horror. Lady Julia's party, the Bishop and his friends, were in possession of the field!

The Colonel, when the first sense of consternation was over, ground his teeth with rage. "By Jupiter!" he said to himself, "if this has been my wife's doing, she shall pay for it!"

But this reflection did not help him to sustain the looks of mingled amazement, amusement, and contempt which his guests exchanged with one another as they moved forward in a compact group across the lawn. They stared superciliously at the country parsons and their dowdily-dressed wives and daughters, the local gentry in their sober attire, and the small group of notabilities who surrounded Lady Julia. It is likely enough that the amusement would not have been confined to looks, but would have broken out in unmannerly laughter, had it not been that the weight of metal was on the side of the Bishop's faction. A dowager duchess of noble port, and—more, much more, than all—a princess of the blood royal were present to champion the needs of the Nurses' Home.

The situation would have been too dreadful had it not been for the tact and *savoir vivre* displayed by the Bishop.

"Some of your friends come down from town to lend us their support?" he said blandly, in answer to something unintelligible muttered by his host—"so very kind of them! Really, Colonel Prendergast, I had no idea that the necessities of a rural diocese like mine would have attracted attention in Belgravia!"

The Colonel turned with a sigh of relief to the marquee. In the congenial occupation, he thought, of eating and drinking, the absurdity of the situation might be forgotten, or at least appear less gross. If they could only get hold of some crackers——

At the door of the marquee he was met by his wife, who had a perplexed look on her face.

"My dear," he said, outwardly polite if inwardly raging—"I hope lunch is ready. Our friends must be getting hungry."

"I'm afraid, Frederick, there isn't very much left."

"Not much left! What on earth do you mean?"

Then the awful truth burst on him. The Bishop's party had eaten up the delicacies which he had ordered with such care and satisfaction. They had been wasted, absolutely wasted, and—good Heavens!—what would they all think of him?

"The maids are all busy making sandwiches," said Lady Julia, who turned a little pale as she observed the subdued fire in her husband's eye.

"Was this your doing?" he said in a ferocious undertone.

"No indeed! You forget that you copied out the card of invitation and sent it to the printer. The mistake was either yours or theirs; but I have seen a copy of the card, and the date given is the 16th, not the 17th." Lady Julia did not think it necessary to add that she had picked up the proof sent by the lithographers, which her husband had carelessly tossed into the waste-paper basket, and knew well enough that a collision was inevitable, but chose for reasons of her own to say nothing about it.

"What are we to do?" cried the unhappy Colonel.

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Lady Julia plucked up courage. She reflected that the unpleasant scene could not last long.

"Tell them there has been a mistake," she said boldly. "Put it on my shoulders if you like. And give them sandwiches and bread and cheese and beer. For once in their lives it will do them no harm."

There was no help for it. The Colonel led his guests into the marquee, where a melancholy array of empty bottles mocked them from one corner; and there they were regaled with fragments of the feast, supplemented with homelier fare, and flanked by flagons of household ale and bottles of such inferior vintages as were to be found in the cellars of The Towers.

When the unsatisfactory meal was over, the guests, somewhat fortified, streamed forth on the lawn. Some of the foremost noticed that a crowd was gathering in the drawing-room, which had long French windows opening on the terrace; and out of an idle curiosity entered the room to see what was going on.

Those behind, imagining that some form of entertainment was going forward, followed on their heels, with the result that the Colonel's smart guests found themselves seated at the top of a long room under the eyes of Her Royal Highness, and with no visible means of escape.

Before they had time to realise their position, the Bishop rose to make a few remarks, and they were fairly entrapped. After his lordship had fully explained the scheme for establishing a Home for Nurses and Nursing Sisters, he gave way to a lay speaker, Lord Edmund Warden, who rubbed in the moral with unsparing hand. When he sat down the Duchess leant over and whispered in the Bishop's ear. The prelate was on his feet in a moment.

"It has been suggested to me," he observed with a smile, "that there may be some friends present on this occasion who may not see their way to become annual subscribers to the Fund, and yet may be glad of an opportunity to

At the door of the marquee he was met by his wife, who had a perplexed look on her face.

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make a donation to the Building and Furnishing Fund. I—scarcely know whether——"

His lordship's voice died away into silence, but ere he resumed his seat, Lord Edmund Warden had begun to hand a silver salver along the glittering rows of smart visitors, keeping an observant eye meanwhile on the progress of the offertory. Some of the guests said strange things under their breath, but none of them had the hardihood to rise and go out under the eyes of the Princess.

Charlie Rashleigh, indeed, had the audacity to fold up a bit of paper in the likeness of a cheque, and deposit it on the salver, with the air of a prince making a royal donation. But all the others were forced to contribute whether they liked it or not. When the collection was over the Bishop gave out a hymn, and the smart contingent took this for permission to depart. They filed out of the room, and retreated to the marquee.

All the Colonel's guests had engagements in town which compelled them to leave early, so that the dinner provided by Lady Julia was eaten by a select body of the despised parsons and their families, while the expensive band performed solely for their delectation. They went away highly gratified, but their host could scarcely muster up spirit to answer them when they complimented him on the success of the gathering.

Lord Edmund Warden had begun to hand a silver salver among the glittering rows of smart visitors.

He knew that as a man of fashion his career was ended, and so indeed it proved. He was mercilessly cut by his former acquaintances, and so he made a virtue of necessity, stayed at The Towers ten months in the year, dressed in tweeds, dined at half-past six, studied roots and ensilage, attended Sessions, and set up for a real old English gentleman, adapted to date.

And such is the force of custom, that in the course of two or three years the Colonel actually came to prefer the new life to the old, and thought with wonder of the time when the W. and S.W. districts of London seemed to him the only habitable quarter of the globe, and an invitation to a house in Park Lane was like an opening of the gates of Paradise.

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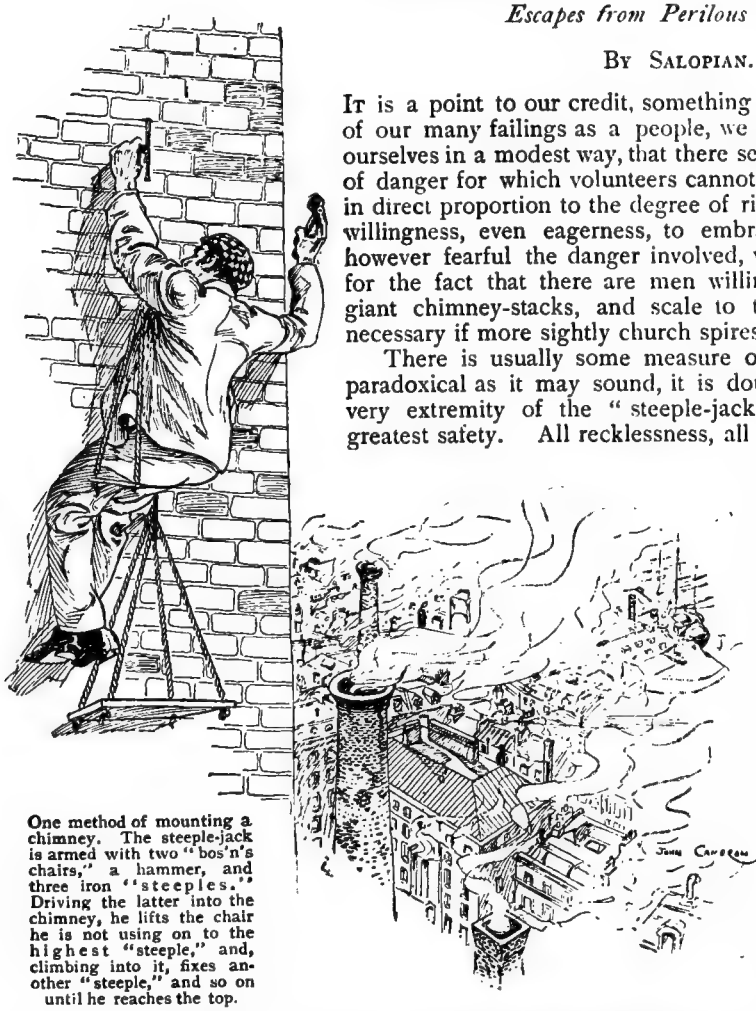
THE STEEPLEJACK

The Dangers of his Calling, with Accounts of Hairbreadth Escapes from Perilous Positions.

By Salopian.



One method of mounting a chimney. The steeple-jack is armed with two "bos'n's chairs," a hammer, and three iron "steeples." Driving the latter into the chimney, he lifts the chair he is not using on to the highest "steeple," and, climbing into it, fixes another "steeple," and so on until he reaches the top.

It is a point to our credit, something upon which in the midst of our many failings as a people, we may surely congratulate ourselves in a modest way, that there seems absolutely no career of danger for which volunteers cannot be found, and that, too, in direct proportion to the degree of risk undergone. It is this willingness, even eagerness, to embrace a necessary calling, however fearful the danger involved, which we have to thank for the fact that there are men willing to climb our hideous giant chimney-stacks, and scale to the very point our less necessary if more sightly church spires.

There is usually some measure of truth in paradox; and, paradoxical as it may sound, it is doubtless a fact that in the very extremity of the "steeple-jack's" daily peril lies his greatest safety. All recklessness, all incompetence, is weeded out by the frightful prospect of a catastrophe. The climber's nerves and muscles are gradually trained by use till they are like his ropes—of the very best steel wire.

When life depends daily upon a cool and steady head, coolness and steadiness come; when death is the alternative to a sure and sufficient grasp of the ten finger-tips on a mere crevice of stone or brick, that grasp is speedily acquired. So is the ability to act instantly. To see or feel the rope break, the scaffolding slip, and to grip—with fingers, hands, or feet—the nearest safety in the one right way, means life instead of death to the chimney or steeple climber.

That Mr. George Moir, a well-known Scottish "steeple-jack," is no mean hand at his perilous craft may be inferred from the fact that he has "put in" over thirty years at the business without so much as a broken limb; while the additional fact that he has brought up three sons to follow—literally—in their father's footsteps, show his enthusiasm for his trade.

He is a leader in his profession, being, I believe, the first to leave behind, not only the original "kite-flying" method of getting the first rope over a chimney, but also the use of ladders which succeeded, and which he now looks upon as cumbrous, complicated and, worst of all, radically dangerous. The plan now followed by himself and most others to ascend a big chimney and fix the needful first rope may interest those yet unacquainted with it.

All the needful "tackle" for this preliminary climb are two "bos'n's chairs," such as seamen use for painting or cleaning a ship's side, a heavy hammer, and three "climbers" or "steeples."

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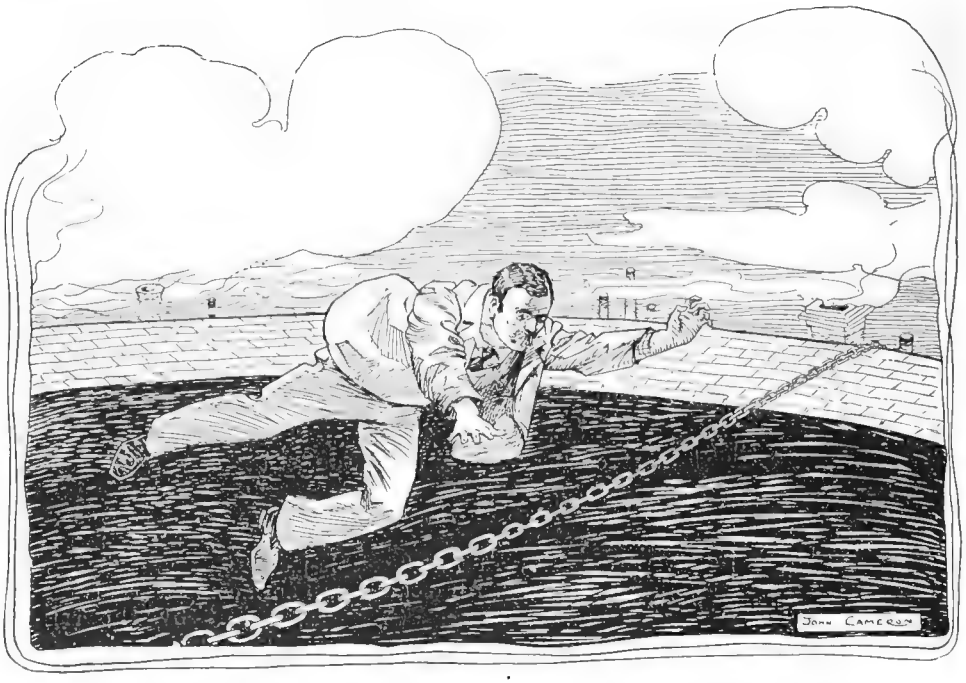

The steeple-jack tripped while walking round the edge of a two hundred feet chimney shaft and fell inwards, but saved himself from death by catching on to a chain fixed across the mouth of the shaft.

The latter are stout iron nails or pegs, some nine inches long by three-quarters of an inch square, with a short cross-bar which stands upright when the "steeple" is fixed in position. The steeple-jack drives his "steeple" into the chimney-stack or spire at any easy height—say five feet. On this he hangs one of his chairs, the rope secured from slipping off by the upright bar, and mounting the chair drives in a second "steeple" as high as he can conveniently reach. On this he hangs chair number two, and again mounting drives in his third "steeple." Sitting in his chair and stooping down he draws up the lower chair and hangs it on the peg above him; wrenches out the lowest peg, takes his seat above, and drives in the peg afresh. And so on to the top—perhaps three hundred feet.

Very simple, is it not?—Especially at that height, and if you do not suffer any unpleasant sensations when leaning down to draw up the chair and wrench out the "steeple" below you, and are perfectly content to be up there alone on a smooth surface of brick, with three small iron pegs between yourself and death.

When the summit is reached—the record time is two hundred and fifty feet in ninety minutes—a chain is fixed across a chimney, or round a steeple, and pulley blocks attached, by which men and materials can be raised, lowered, and held in position. Another innovation of Mr. Moir's is the use of steel wire ropes in place of hempen. The only drawback of the wire is the liability of the hands being scarred or wounded when the outer strands are roughened with wear.

Although he has never broken any bones, and seemingly as lithe and fit as ever, Mr. Moir has had some moments when death came within speaking distance. Once he tripped while walking round the edge of a two hundred feet chimney shaft and fell inwards, but the fall towards death and the life-giving grip were simultaneous, and he caught the chain which, happily, was already fixed across the shaft mouth.

A far greater danger, one the relation of which cannot fail to have the proverbial effect on "each particular hair" of a hearer, was brought about by civil strife and commotion. It was during the Belfast riots of some few years since that a two hundred feet chimney had to be ascended. "Kite-flying" was still the approved method of raising the first rope, and all boys know that a kite must be sent up in a comparatively open space, and guided some distance before any height is attained. This the police, in view of the probable danger from a crowd of onlookers, absolutely vetoed.

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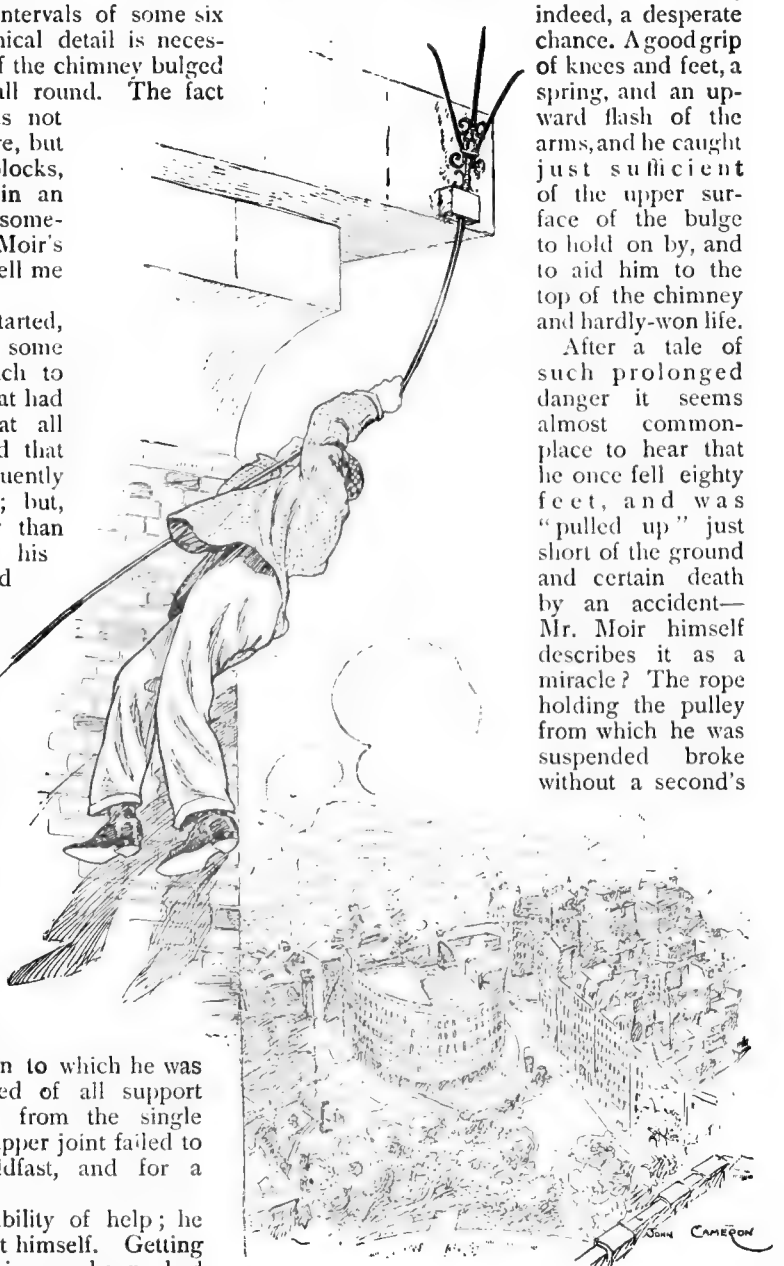
The work was urgent, and Moir volunteered to ascend by swarming hand over hand up the lightning conductor. This was of the old-fashioned sort, formed of ten-foot lengths of copper wire, socketed into each other, the whole running through and being supported by wooden blocks or holdfasts built into the stack at intervals of some six feet. Still another technical detail is necessary; the last few feet of the chimney bulged out a couple of feet all round. The fact that the conductor was not carried round this bulge, but through the wooden blocks, and terminated above in an ornamental finish, has something to do with Mr. Moir's being in a position to tell me the tale at all.

Well, Mr. Moir started, carrying with him some wooden pegs with which to tighten any holdfasts that had shrunk and seemed at all loose. He soon found that such occurred more frequently than he had expected; but, choosing valour rather than discretion, he used his wedges sparingly, and pushed on. The watchers below, intent upon his figure, failed to notice the ominous straining of rod and blocks caused by the weight and muscular exertion of a powerful man. Yet he had gained the last section but one when the crash came. Some hundred and eighty feet of rod, all that was below him, "buckled," and tearing out some holdfasts and slipping through others, fell away in utter ruin. The section to which he was clinging, being deprived of all support from below, fell away from the single length above, but the upper joint failed to pass through the holdfast, and for a moment he was safe.

There was no possibility of help; he had to fight the thing out himself. Getting his feet against the chimney, he pushed his way up to the final bulge. The upper section of the lightning-conductor could not, as I have already explained, slide through the supporting wooden block on account of its ornamental finish. Well, working desperately with arms and legs, Mr. Moir managed at last to arrive at the final bulge of the chimney. And now he had to surmount this or lose his life in the effort. It was, indeed, a desperate chance. A good grip of knees and feet, a spring, and an upward flash of the arms, and he caught just sufficient of the upper surface of the bulge to hold on by, and to aid him to the top of the chimney and hardly-won life.

After a tale of such prolonged danger it seems almost commonplace to hear that he once fell eighty feet, and was "pulled up" just short of the ground and certain death by an accident—Mr. Moir himself describes it as a miracle? The rope holding the pulley from which he was suspended broke without a second's



The steeplejack was swarming up a lightning conductor to the top of a chimney when the rod broke away beneath him, and it was only after a fearful struggle that he managed to save his life.

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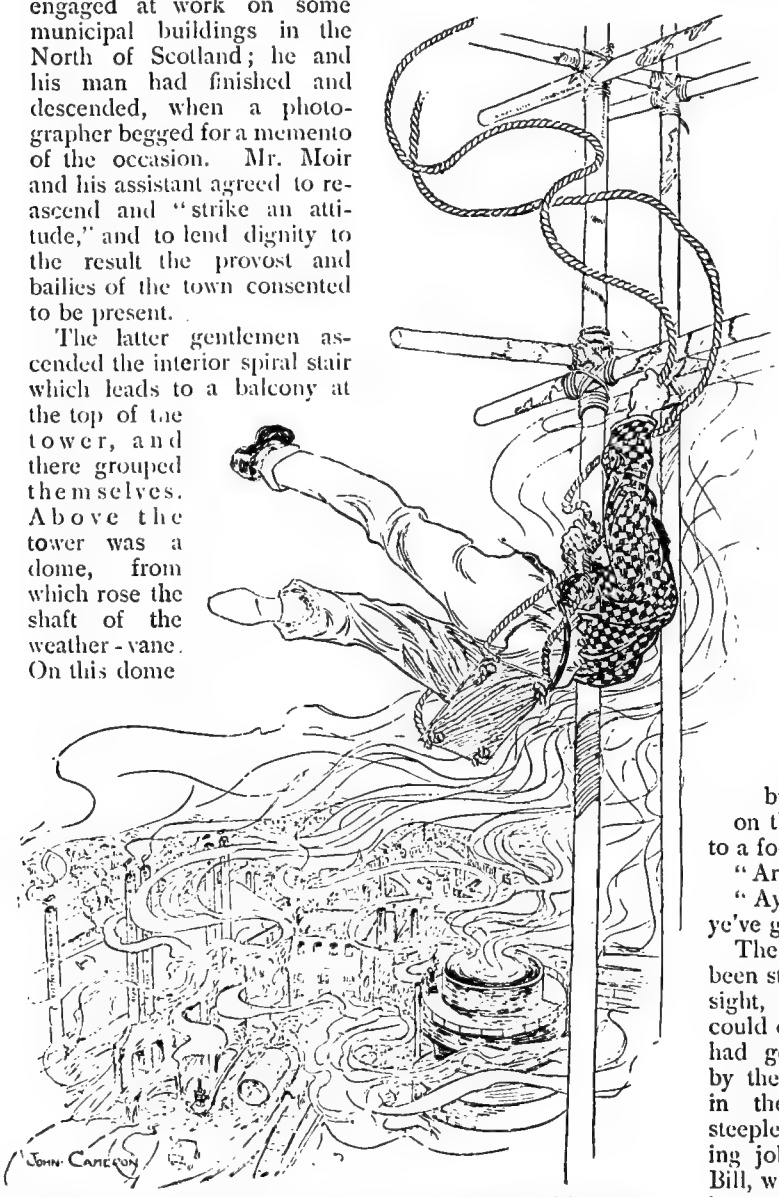
warning. Mr. Moir was balanced by heavy weights at the other end of his rope, and these of course fell also; happily there was some scaffolding attached to the shaft, and the flying rope caught, looped, on some projection, and, being held firm by the weights, checked his downward career with no worse result than a severe shaking.

Only once has any reason but that of necessity brought him into peril. He was engaged at work on some municipal buildings in the North of Scotland; he and his man had finished and descended, when a photographer begged for a memento of the occasion. Mr. Moir and his assistant agreed to re-ascend and "strike an attitude," and to lend dignity to the result the provost and bailies of the town consented to be present.

The latter gentlemen ascended the interior spiral stair which leads to a balcony at the top of the tower, and there grouped themselves. Above the tower was a dome, from which rose the shaft of the weather-vane. On this dome supporting himself by the shaft, stood Bill, Mr. Moir's assistant, while the steeplejack himself swarmed up the shaft till he stood on one of the horizontal bars which mark the four points of the compass.

The signal agreed upon had been exchanged between the photographer in the street, the dignitaries in the balcony, and the two figures standing out in such bold relief against the sky, when the photographer saw that the wind had shifted the vane itself into a position unsuitable for a good "shot"—it was end-on to him. He signalled his difficulty to Mr. Moir, who, well used to receiving messages from a hundred feet below, began to move the shaft round to the desired angle.



The rope by which the steeplejack hung suspended broke, and he fell some eighty feet, but was saved by the rope catching in some scaffolding before he reached the bottom.

The force required to move the heavy mass of metal against the wind threw too much weight upon the slender rod which supported him, and it snapped. Even his instant clutch on the shaft could not prevent him from sliding down its full extent, his foot striking Bill's hard hat with such force as almost to stun the man, besides drawing blood freely from his forehead; but each kept his hold on the shaft and scrambled to a foothold on the dome.

"Are ye right, Bill?"

"Aye, a'm reght; but, mon, ye've gi'en me an awfu' blow."

The crowd in the street had been struck with terror at the sight, while the city fathers could only tell that something had gone seriously "agee" by the reflection of the peril in the faces below. But steeplejacks are used to carrying jobs through to the end. Bill, with his face still bleeding, stood once more to attention; his employer swarmed

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up the shaft and stood on one of the remaining pointers, this time with feet close to the shaft and weight thrown well into his arm, and the photograph was secured. But I do not think Mr. Moir will be eager to give a similar "sitting" again.

The Scottish "jack" is beaten in the matter of high ascents by a Welshman, Mr. Moir's record being 416 feet in the North of Ireland, while 444 feet at Middlesbrough is that of Rhys Lewis, of whom some thrilling tales are told.

When hanging in his "cradle" high up on a steeple, he was set swinging by the wind, and it was nearly an hour before he was able to check this most unseasonable reminiscence of childhood. He has had his seat and supports dragged from under him by the carelessness of a workman, and was thus left clinging to the shaft by bare fingers and booted toes. Yet he succeeded in working round to the opposite side where there happened to be something more substantial to cling to.

Finally, he once dropped to the ground and broke both arms, and in this condition was sent a considerable distance by rail, with his ticket stuck in his cap, there being in the somewhat rough and lonely locality no one who felt competent to deal otherwise with his case!

But for brave endurance of frightful agony, coupled with extreme peril, perhaps a Swansea "jack" named Jenkins has no rival.

The steepiejack was standing on the horizontal bar of a weather vane. It gave way and he fell, striking his assistant on the head with his feet. That both men were not dashed to pieces is almost a miracle.

He and Lewis were working together at a weather-vane 180 feet from the ground. It was necessary to pour melted lead into the socket, and while Lewis, standing on Jenkins's shoulder, was in the act of doing this a gust of wind scattered a shower of molten metal over the latter's bare arms. A move, a flinch, would have been fatal to both men, but Jenkins never stirred; when they had descended he showed his mate marks roughly resembling bracelets, where the flesh had been burnt away.

Mr. Merrill, a New York steeple-jack, has a method of climbing by "stirrups." Two ropes are looped round the steeple to be negotiated, each with a stirrup for the climber's foot. Standing in one stirrup he works the other rope a little higher up the steeple, and so on, using each rope alternately, and tightening them as the steeple narrows. I have never tried either method, but I fancy Mr. Moir's "steeples" and bos'n's chair would appeal to me as the lesser of two evils.

A great chimney is something of a Frankenstein—more easily created than kept in order. The laying of tier upon tier of bricks and mortar is a comparatively simple task. Of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon repairing it, the above experiences will have given, perhaps, a faint idea. It is when the monster has lived the term of its natural life—from a quarter

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to three-quarters of a century, according to climatic and other conditions—and the fiat goes forth from its consulting physician that it must die, that the crowning perils are reached. To take it down brick by brick is a work so costly as to be rarely attempted, never, indeed, where any clear space exists in which it can be brought down at a blow.

A well-known English chimney-feller named Smith has brought the destruction of large shafts to a fine art. Cutting away bit by bit a large section of the chimney's base, he fills in the space with strong wooden props. These are then surrounded with the materials for a bonfire, and the pile is lighted; when the supports are burnt through the chimney falls. Up to the moment of the almost human groan which precedes the crash the intrepid operator stands at his dangerous post, judiciously feeding the flames, and "basting" the wooden props here and there with turpentine and paraffin, so that all may burn evenly as he wishes. So perfect have long practice and experience made him, that he can bring down the largest chimney into a space barely exceeding its own width and length.

Across the Atlantic Ferry they naturally "go one better." Mr. Merrill, of whom previous mention has been made in this article, blew off with dynamite thirty-five feet of a church steeple over two hundred feet high, the felled portion falling into the trench ten feet wide dug for it. It was quite an impromptu affair. Mr. Merrill was employed on the job by a contractor, and that gentleman had never dreamed of such a sensational method of accomplishing it. With infinite trouble, not to say danger, a large hole had been cut at the base of the part to be brought down, and the space filled in with wooden props as in the English method.

But it is not altogether easy or otherwise desirable to light a bonfire two hundred feet up a steeple, so it was planned to dislodge the props with a stout wire rope and an engine to pull it. Two ropes gave way; the prop, held tight by thirty-five feet of steeple, did not. A rope was found which would bear the strain, but the engine only kicked and romped helplessly in the street below. The crowd grew denser every moment; the police became restless, and the contractor despairing.

But Merrill, who had never had much faith in the engine and rope method, had a trifle of dynamite up his sleeve—or, at any rate, in his pocket.

"Dynamite!" ran a whisper through the crowd; and a scandalised police officer shouted an "injunction," and, finding it unheeded, started in pursuit of the desperado. But Merrill was already hauling himself up in his chair, coiling the rope on his arm as he did so, that there should be no risk of capture; the policeman could only stand on the platform below and shout pains and penalties. A few swift turns of an auger in the prop, half a teaspoonful of the deadly agent, and then the fuse was lit, and the free end hung down inside the steeple.

"I've touched her off," shouted Merrill as he flew down in his chair, and the officer did not await further explanations! Five minutes—ten minutes—the pale blue smoke of the fuse seemed to die away. Would anyone care to go up and see what was wrong? Twelve minutes. Hark! Just a pistol-crack—for dynamite does not talk, but acts—and thirty-five tons of masonry fell slowly over, and lay where it was bid; "not a stone the size of your finger-nail outside that trench."

By-the-bye, the American's wife has before now saved him at a pinch, for she generally takes up a position where she can watch him at work, and at any rate know the worst. More than once she has detected and averted some sudden danger, a rope set smouldering by a carelessly thrown cigarette amongst the number.

Granted good nerve, early training, and a temperate life, the work is perhaps less dangerous than it seems. Still it hardly seems quite the answer which a fond mother would accept to that ever present question, "What to do with our boys?"

You must not fail to read . . .

The "PRIVATE LIFE OF THE KING."

By the Author of
The "Private Life of Queen Victoria."

It is full of interesting matter and beautifully illustrated.

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Love and the Legacy

By

E. Louise Liddell.

"Why don't you marry Celia?" suggested Mrs. Harding.

"Really!" exclaimed Professor Baldwin, "I regard that as a most extraordinary proposition."

"Nothing so very extraordinary about it," retorted the lady; "seeing that you're intending to get married——"

"But, my dear woman," interrupted the gentleman nervously, "I am not prepared to say that I entertain any such intentions."

"Well, then, if you'll excuse my saying so, I think it's time you did," rejoined Mrs. Harding, with emphasis. "Why, haven't you just been telling me that if you don't marry within the next six months you will forfeit the property your uncle left you ten years ago, on condition of your taking a wife before your fifty-fifth birthday?"

"True, I told you so," replied the professor, with a sigh; I thought it my duty to let you know that I would probably be obliged to give up the suite of rooms I have so long occupied in your house."

"You've been with me ten years," said Mrs. Harding, "so I take the liberty of speaking plainly; and what I want to say is this—I think you'll find it very inconvenient getting along without that money. You're used to having things pretty much as you want 'em."

From his seat in the shady arbour at the end of the back-yard, the professor looked out over the flower beds on one side and the vegetable garden on the other, and the bit of grass plot between them. He noted the butterflies hovering over the blossoms, and the birds fluttering in the tall lilac bushes. Then he gazed upward to his little study on the second floor, where an adventurous honeysuckle was forcing its way through the open window, and the muslin curtain was swaying gently to and fro in the morning breeze. He felt a tightening of the heart-strings at the thought of cutting loose from these home-like surroundings. But the alternative! He shook his head and sighed. The practical little mistress of the select boarding-house surveyed her favourite guest impatiently.

"I'd like to know what you've got against Celia," she said: "Isn't she good-looking, and bright enough?"

"Certainly," declared the professor.

"And sweet-tempered?"

"Yes—that is, I should imagine so," replied the conscientious professor.

"Well, I say she is sweet-tempered, and I ought to know," said Mrs. Harding with asperity, "seeing I'm her own aunt."

"I assure you," the professor hastened to say, "I have no objection whatever to your niece; but the fact is—I—I—don't feel at all acquainted with her."

"Why, you've known Celia going on ten years!" exclaimed the aunt, in genuine surprise.

"That is undoubtedly true, in a sense," said the professor, after reflection. "But you must remember that she was a mere child when I came here, and she has been off at boarding-school since; so——"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," interposed the practical aunt. "Time enough to get acquainted in six months, I should say."

"Besides," continued the professor, "I haven't the slightest reason to suppose that Miss Celia would be at all likely to consider me in the light of a possible suitor."

"H'm!" said Mrs. Harding, "I'm not saying that Celia's in love with you, but, if I was a man, I would run the risk of *suiting* any woman I cared about."

"But I wouldn't want her to care too much,

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you know," protested the professor; "seeing that this would be simply a marriage of convenience, and I have passed the sentimental age."

"Oh, you needn't worry about that!" said the aunt drily. "Celia isn't sentimental either."

"Celia is young yet," remarked the professor.

"Yes, but she won't be always," replied Mrs. Harding. "Why, I was married long before I was her age, and I didn't have half her chances either."

"Yes" — after brief cogitation — "you ought to marry, anyway, money or no money. You'd find it so much more comfortable to have a wife to look after you, and keep your books and papers in order."

The professor looked dubious, and appeared to be on the point of protesting.

"Sew on your buttons and darn your stockings," the wily matchmaker hastened to add; "Celia's handy at mending."

The professor's face brightened. "It certainly would be convenient," he admitted; "and then, as you say, it would be exceedingly inconvenient to lose the money. Such a ridiculous condition of my uncle's," he added; "he might have known that I wasn't a marrying man."

"Well, I don't know," said the lady, "for my part, I think he was about right. A man oughtn't to be so selfish as to live alone, when there hardly seems to be enough men to go round."

"Sew on your buttons and darn your stockings," said the wily matchmaker.

"Really," said the professor, in amazement, "I had no notion that you held such advanced ideas!"

"No more I do," returned the widow. "I'm not a new woman, by any manner of means."

"Nor a very old one either," said the professor, gallantly.

"Well, I might be older," returned she, with a conscious blush.

Just then the kitchen door opened, and a girlish figure ran lightly down the steps leading to the garden.

"There's Celia, now," said Mrs. Harding. "You might as well make a beginning at getting acquainted." So saying, she turned abruptly away, leaving the professor in a state of perturbation. In fact, it was with difficulty that he mastered the inclination to beat a retreat. But he reflected that would be undignified as well as a cowardly act, so he stood his ground—or remained seated, rather. The young lady came slowly in his direction, stooping

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occasionally to pick off a withered blossom or a dried leaf from the plants that bordered the pathway. She was neatly attired in a light print morning-gown that fitted her slim figure to perfection; a pink sun-bonnet shaded her fair face; her hands were protected by a pair of heavy gloves, and she was carrying a basket on her arm.

It suddenly dawned on the absent-minded professor that Celia was exceedingly pretty. He wondered why he had never noticed it before.

The girl nodded carelessly as she drew near. "Nice morning," she remarked.

"Charming," responded the gentleman, looking with approval at the rosy face, with its dancing dark eyes, above which the smoothly brushed hair was parted. The professor abhorred frizzes; smooth hair was, in his opinion, an evidence of a serene disposition.

"Don't let me interrupt you," said she; "I've got to pick currants for jelly."

"Oh, not at all!" he replied awkwardly. He wished he could think of something else to say. He saw her glance at the book he held in his hand, a learned work on "Bioplasmic Affinities." He had been deeply engrossed in its pages a half hour ago. But he doubted if Miss Celia would feel at all interested in bioplasms. Indeed, he feared she would not take them seriously. So he slipped the volume out of sight, lest she should ask its title.

In the meantime the young lady was stripping off great clusters of crimson fruit from the currant bushes. The professor watched her nimble fingers, while he racked his brain for an appropriate remark. But in vain! The more he thought, the more of a blank his mind became, apparently. Celia appeared to have forgotten his existence, and was gradually moving away from him in the performance of her task.

In his desperation, hardly realizing what he said, the professor blurted out: "Miss Celia, do you like to sew on buttons?"

"Goodness, no!" she exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "I never sew one on if I can help it. I will tell you, in strict confidence, I actually *pin* the buttons on to my boots."

"Really!" said the professor in astonishment, a suspicion arising in his mind that the conversation between Mrs. Harding and himself had been overheard by the young lady. But she looked so profoundly innocent that he dismissed the idea as improbable.

"Shocking, isn't it?" she asked mischievously.

"Surprising—rather—I should say," he returned seriously. "Though, to be sure I have found the pin a very useful implement in the dressing-room."

She laughed again. "It must be dreadful," she remarked, "for a man to be a slave to buttons."

"Or pins," he added, smiling.

"And there's mending, too," she said, with a comical air. "I detest it."

The professor managed to conceal his surprise at this announcement. "'A stitch in time saves nine,'" he quoted.

"My version is better," she retorted: "A stitch in *nine* saves *time*."

The staid professor laughed outright. She certainly was a very amusing young woman. So amusing, in fact, that it seemed of little consequence that she declined to sew on buttons and detested mending. He really felt very sorry when the basket was heaped with fruit, and he was left alone with his Bioplasms.

Pretty soon it began to be rumoured among Mrs. Harding's boarders that the learned and dignified Professor Baldwin was paying his addresses to their hostess's pretty niece; though the young woman herself appeared to be utterly unconscious that the gentleman's attentions were more than fraternal, or possibly paternal.

Apparently her unconcern did not disturb the professor's equanimity, for he preserved an owl-like composure while tendering his offerings of chocolate creams and cocoanut toffy (Celia's favourite confections) with regularity, and escorting the young lady to such lectures and similar entertainments as she cared to attend.

It need not be inferred that the professor found these self-imposed duties wholly, or indeed at all, unpleasant. On the contrary, he quite enjoyed the prestige he gained by appearing in the *rôle* of the (presumably) favoured suitor of an attractive young lady.

Thus three months glided away, when the recollection of his fast approaching birthday reminded the professor that it was incumbent upon him to ascertain definitely whether Miss Celia was prepared to become Mrs. Baldwin. So he broached the subject one evening as they were returning from a lecture.

"Miss Celia," he began, "I presume that your aunt has informed you of the unfortunate position in which I find myself on account of the provisions of my late uncle's will?"

"Yes," murmured the girl faintly.

The professor imagined that the little hand

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They had reached the house by this time.

resting on his arm trembled ever so slightly. This passiveness on her part rather increased his embarrassment, for he had purposed to make his proposal quite business-like, and not at all an affair of sentiment. But the situation certainly was awkward.

"Your acceptance of my attentions during the past three months," continued the professor, "has led me to hope that you do not find my society distasteful."

There was a little murmur from Celia that might have been interpreted either as affirmative or otherwise.

An appreciation of the ungraciousness of his task was growing on the practical wooer. But he went on manfully: "Of course, I realise that I am hardly a suitable companion for one so young and charming as yourself; but, if you will consent to cast in your lot with mine, I promise to make it my chiefest endeavour to prove worthy of your confidence. And —and, while it would be unfair for me to make a pretence of any sentimental f—feeling" (he was going to say folly, but thought better of it), "you will ever find me considerate and——"

"Please stop!" cried Celia, finding her voice at last, "I appreciate the honour" (slight accent on that word), "but I—I am already engaged."

"Engaged!" gasped the astonished suitor. "Why your aunt——" Then he stopped; he had been on the point of betraying himself. "Do you think," he concluded after a moment's cogitation, "that it is right for you to deceive your aunt in this manner?"

"I suppose not," faltered the culprit with a suspicion of a sob in her voice; "but auntie doesn't understand—and—and—I'm sure I shall be happier away from here."

"I hope you are not making a mistake," said the professor doubtfully; "and I wish you happiness in your new life," he added magnanimously.

They had reached the house by this time, and Celia's only reply was a half audible "Thank you," as her escort held the door open for her to pass into the hall.

He followed in a state of vague dissatisfaction, and went directly to his own apartments. Hanging away his hat and coat in his usual methodical fashion, and putting on dressing-gown and slippers, he sat down to smoke a cigar and review the situation. Strangely

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enough, it was not the probable loss of the money that occupied his thoughts. The realisation of a loss of a different nature was gradually dawning upon him. His mind dwelt persistently upon a sweet, mischievous face, a dainty girlish figure, and the innumerable captivating ways of the girl who had just said him nay.

Suddenly he sprang to his feet with an expression of incredulity. The truth had flashed upon him. He was in love! How stupid he had been not to recognise the signs of the malady before! For now he acknowledged to himself that if Celia were only his, that wretched money might go to the Hottentots for all he cared. It would be a pleasure to toil, to suffer deprivation, in fact to make himself generally miserable for Celia. And—dreadful thought!—she was engaged.

Well, there was no help for it, he admitted, with a sigh, as he threw his cigar stump into the grate; he could only accept the inevitable as philosophically as might be.

And so the rejected lover went about his daily tasks, and read his ponderous volumes (which had been somewhat neglected of late), with outward composure, but with a strong feeling of depression quite foreign to his calm temperament.

The occasional glimpses he caught of Celia did not tend to reconcile him to the situation, for the girl looked pale and unhappy, and quite unlike her former light-hearted self. The professor imagined that her secret engagement was preying on her spirits, and his own distress was augmented at the thought of her unhappiness.

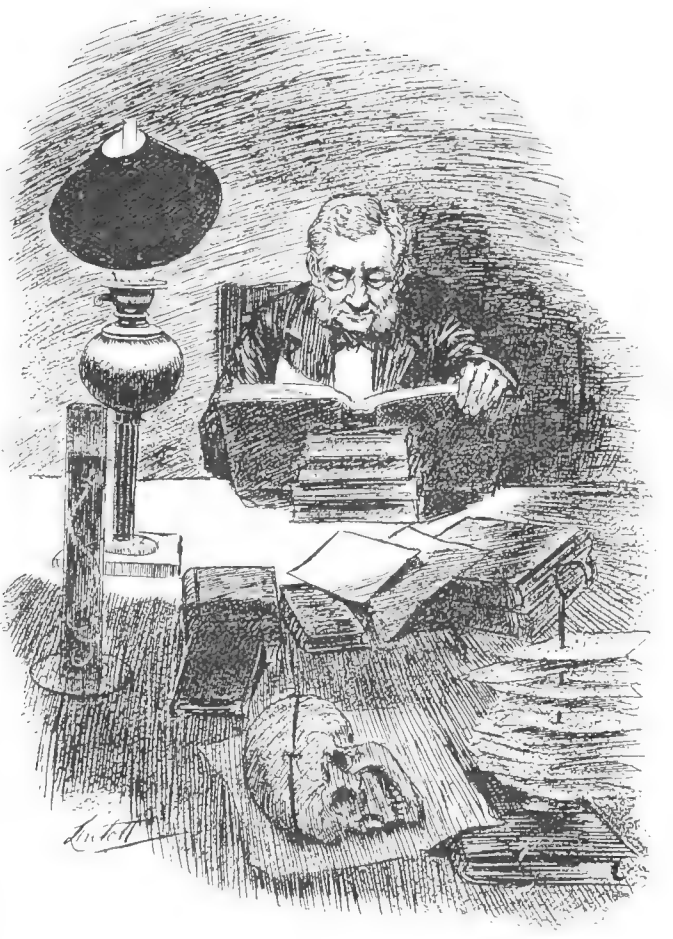
Then the quixotic idea occurred to the professor that through his intercession Mrs. Harding might become reconciled to her niece's engagement. To give expression to his devotion to the loved one by seeking to promote her happiness (even at the expense of his own), would, he imagined, afford some relief to his troubled feelings. He determined, therefore to lose no time in offering his services as mediator.

But, unfortunately for the pursuance of his kindly intentions, Celia appeared to have acquired an almost miraculous power of vanishing whenever her discarded suitor exhibited any desire to enter into conversation with her, or even to approach her.

Evidently she suspected him of seeking an opportunity to renew his own matrimonial proposals. He longed to relieve her fears on that score, and to prove his disinterestedness.

The coveted opportunity came at last. One evening as he was going out to his garden retreat, he found Celia and her aunt engaged in fastening up a woodbine which had been torn down by a heavy wind storm of the previous evening.

"There, professor, I'm glad you've come,"



And so the rejected lover went to his daily tasks.

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said Mrs. Harding. "I was just telling Celia she d better ask you to help her. I can't be bothered with such things."

"Oh, I don't require any assistance," said Celia, looking very much disconcerted, as her aunt disappeared within the house.

"I am quite positive that you do," replied the professor, lifting the unwieldy vine. "Now, if you'll hold the nails for me, I'll soon get it in position."

Celia made no reply, but allowed him to empty the nails into her pretty pink palm, which the professor (most inconsistently, considering his disinterested intentions) felt an ardent desire to kiss, as it was extended before him.

When the task was finished the girl turned to go, but her companion restrained her.

"Please sit down," he said entreatingly, pointing to the rustic seat in the vine-clad arbour.

She hesitated for an instant, then complied with his request.

"I have been thinking over the matter we were speaking of the other evening," he said, by way of introduction.

Celia blushed and paled alternately, and looked very much as though she would like to escape.

"And it occurred to me," continued the professor hastily, "that as your aunt and I have always been on very friendly terms, that it might be — or rather, that I might induce her to look favourably upon your engagement, if the matter were presented properly."

The girl raised a frightened, startled face to her would-be benefactor.

"Oh, no!" she cried. "Don't think of such a thing. It wouldn't do a bit of good."

"Pardon me," returned he, "but I am quite positive that your aunt will not prove as obdurate as you seem to fear, and I am fully determined to exert my influence to promote your happiness."

Celia regarded him anxiously. "If you wish to please me, you will not speak to my aunt," she said earnestly.

"My dear child, I must disregard your wishes in this case," said the professor. "I will not allow selfish considerations to prevent the performance of a duty. I think I had best confer with your aunt at once, and have the affair happily settled." And the professor arose as if to carry out his intentions.

"You will make me perfectly miserable," cried Celia, looking ready to cry.

"Why, I fail to comprehend," said the perplexed professor. "If the young man is worthy——"

"There—there isn't any young man," cried Celia in desperation, her cheeks flaming hotly.

"*Isn't any young man?*" repeated the professor, scarcely believing his own ears.

"No," said Celia, shortly.

"But the engagement?" he said.

"I was engaged to teach at a school, and I didn't want auntie to know it, because I knew I wouldn't succeed in getting away if she could prevent it. And now, if you've done cross-questioning me, I suppose I may go," she concluded, in unmistakable displeasure.

"I don't think I have quite done," returned the professor with surprising audacity, pushing her gently back on the bench, and seating himself beside her. He was in no haste to begin to speak however. He was absorbed in the joyful reflection that Celia was free and yet to be won. Then noting her lips were trembling and her eyes overflowing, his heart smote him for the pain he had unwittingly caused her.

"Do forgive my stupid blunder," he entreated. But, in his consternation he stopped, for Celia bowed her head on the back of the rustic seat and began to sob.

The professor was unprepared for a contingency like this. He really didn't know what to say, so he didn't say anything, which was just as well, perhaps, for presently the girl raised her head and wiped her eyes.

"Celia," said he tenderly, "I don't want to distress you, but I would like to know why you refused to marry me?"

"I'd rather not say anything more about that," she said, turning her head aside.

"But I think I have a right to know," he persisted.

"If you must know, then," she replied, with a note of defiance in her voice, "I don't choose to marry a man simply because he is under the necessity of being encumbered with a wife in order to remain in possession of his money, nor because he imagines he would find it convenient to have someone to sew on his buttons and mend his stockings. I may as well tell you," she concluded, "I heard you and auntie talking the matter over, and my mind was made up instantly."

"Well, I can't say that I blame you," responded the professor, his spirits falling. What a brute she must think him! He wondered how he could convince her that he really *did* love her. He thought, with a sigh, that it was a hopeless task.

Celia, looking up at that juncture, met the anxious gaze of the professor's near-sighted spectacled eyes; they were kindly eyes, she

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couldn't help acknowledging, and there was something in their expression that she had never noticed before—something that made her look down again, while a flush overspread her face.

"Celia," said he gently, "I want to tell *you* something now. I'd rather have *you* than all the money in the world."

"Truly?" said she softly.

"Truly," he answered. "If you'll be my wife, dear, I'll be perfectly willing to continue to sew on my buttons and darn my own stockings—and yours, too, since such employment is distasteful to you," he added jocosely.

"Oh," said she in becoming confusion, "I hope you don't remember that nonsense. I said those things just to shock you."

"I hope," said he anxiously, "that you really didn't mean what you said about your resolution to refuse me?"

She laughed and blushed. "I *did* mean it at first," she said. "Then you were so nice that I thought you really cared, and—and I—well, never mind."

"If I had only known," observed the professor regretfully, venturing to make captive the little hand. "But I hardly comprehend now why you should have been so very—well—misleading in your reply."

"Why!" exclaimed Celia, her eyes filling again, "it was dreadful the way you proposed. You talked as though you didn't care a speck about me."

"Dearest," said the professor, taking her in his arms, "I was a stupid blockhead!"

It is to be presumed that the use of such unusual language on the part of her suitor convinced Celia of the genuineness of his affection. At all events, the professor won his bride and retained possession of his inheritance.

THE ENGLISH MAIL.

I.

Pretoria: *Sunday morning.*
The mail from home is here.
My wife is "well and cheerful,
Although we miss you, dear."
"The children good and happy."
"The holidays just done."
"The neighbours all so helpful"—
That is letter number one.

II.

My mother's "getting better
You'll be so glad to know."
"No need at all to worry."
She always tells me so.
"All well," reports the doctor.
"I called in there last night."
"Our love," says cousin Kitty,
"Hope you're getting on all right.

III.

A magazine from father,
The papers uncle sends.
'Twas almost worth the journey
To prove so many friends!
Kind greetings from the office.
I've read them through so fast,
There's only one more letter—
I have kept it till the last.

IV.

"Dear Dada,—
I am sory
You stop so long away,
I called Jones mi a dufer,
An was third in clas to-day.
Ime better at my latin,
Ive learnt annother sum;
An baby talks so funny,
An says, 'Wis farver come.'

V.

"I won a prize for running,
The cricket has begun;
We want so mutch to see you,
I remane
Your loving Son."

* * * *

The little misspelt letter
Has fluttered to the floor;
'Tis well my mail is finished—
I can see to read no more!

—Owen Oliver.

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CAP AND BELLS

THE other morning a man received a letter. On opening it out dropped a draft for £2000 and his heart stopped beating as he read the letter, and saw it was from Melbourne, and signed "Your unnatural but penitent Uncle."

He gave a shriek of exultation and sank senseless to the ground. When he revived he rushed to the nearest shops, and couldn't wait until the bank opened, but ran about buying new furniture, new clothes, new carpets, glass, bonnets for his wife and dresses for his girls, and half-crown drinks for himself.

At nine o'clock he entered the bank, and found a man there inside the window who was sufficiently composed to read the draft through with an equal mind, and explained that he could not pay £2000 on it, because it was merely an advertisement of Diffendorfer's Peripatetic Pain Annihilator It took that man until six o'clock in the evening to countermand the orders he had given before nine o'clock a.m., and then he forgot half of them, and his wife had to stand at the front gate all the afternoon, turning away delivery waggons that came backing up to the pavement with new things.

* * * * *

"That's a fine building," said the stranger.

"I should say it was," said Tope. "I was fined 40*s*. and costs there myself once."

AN UNSELFISH STEED.

A doctor and a clergyman were exercising their horses one morning in a country lane, when an argument arose between them as to which of the animals possessed the sweeter disposition.

"I'll wager that if their respective tempers could be tried," said the doctor, "mine would be far away the better."

"That's all nonsense," retorted the clergyman. "My mare has the best temper of any horse in the neighbourhood."

"Well, here's a stiff hedge, let us try their leaping capabilities," suggested the doctor.

"Right you are," agreed his friend.

The doctor's hunter quietly refused the jump, although put at it again and again. The clergyman's little mare also refused, but at the same time threw back her ears and exhibited considerable ill-temper. When repeatedly urged to jump she finally accomplished a clever back-jumping feat, which threw her master straight over the hedge. Strange to relate, the reverend gentleman was quite unhurt, and, scrambling to his feet commenced to scrape the mud from his broad-cloth, whilst the doctor laughingly remarked:

"Perhaps you are convinced now that my animal has a better disposition than yours?"

"Not at all!" replied the clergymen. "My mare is such an unselfish little brute that although unable to take the fence herself, she had no desire to keep me from

Threw her master straight over the hedge.

going over. In fact, she facilitated the mode of my transit, whilst your horse displayed a dog-in-the-manger temperament by not going himself, and not allowing you to go either."

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"Have you change for sixpence?" asked a tramp.

"Yes," replied the gentleman. "Where is the sixpence."

"I haven't one, but I thort if you had change for sixpence you might have a copper or two for a poor man wot's seen better days. All the gents I have asked for help say they hadn't any change."

* * * * *

Two costermongers the other day claimed individually the ownership of a donkey, and as the case was one calling for friendly arbitration rather than judicial interference, the judge recommended the suitors to go away and settle the matter between them. His lordship's kindly meaning seems to have been misunderstood, for in the course of half an hour or so, the "costers" returned into court, one of them with eyes blackened and his face cut and bleeding, and the other in a state of excitement betokening the authorship of his friend's injuries.

The judge learned when it was too late, that his advice had been accepted in its Whitechapel sense, and that the two men had belaboured each other until one of them was forced to resign the donkey.

* * * *

"Well, is your visit to the seaside having the desired effect, madame?"

"Oh, yes, doctor; one of my daughters has already become engaged!"

* * * *

LITTLE BOY: "Mamma what's my book about?"

MAMMA: "It is called 'The Sleeping Beauty,' and is about a girl who slept, and slept, and nobody could wake her."

LITTLE BOY: "Was she a servant girl?"

* * * *

"The curtain falls as the burglars are heard sawing the bars, and Ethel, the heroine, rings the district telegraph alarm for help."

"What happens then?"

"Ten years elapse, and as the curtain rises the telegraph boy arrives."

One of the Yorkshire newspapers gives an account of an examination in which a boy, on being asked to name one of the minerals of Australia, promptly replied, "Tinned mutton."

* * * * *

SADI: "Anything new, dear?"

HELEN: "No; things are dreadfully dull. I am engaged to that little monkey De Sapplets, again."

* * * * *

"I don't know what to do with this old furniture. I don't want it, and yet I can't throw it away."

"Get a cheap carter to move you. He'll break it all to pieces."

Rent Collector: "Is your mother in, my little dear?"
Little Dear (previously instructed): "No, she's not."
Rent Collector: "Will you be so good as to go upstairs and ask her when she will be in?"
("Little Dear" promply does as requested.)

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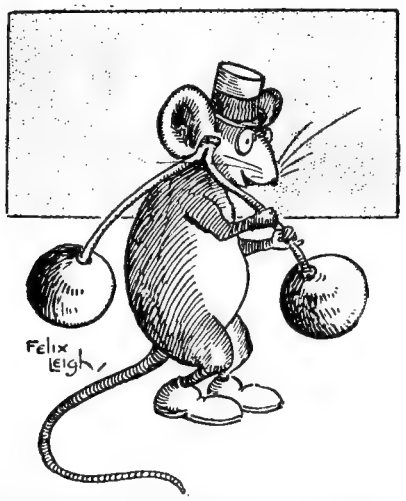


"When I want to bring home a little fruit to the children," remarked Mr. Gnawton, "I always choose cherries, because you know they're so convenient to carry."

We know an old gentleman who is such a determined teetotaler that he shuts himself up and feels miserable whenever the weather is not temperate.

* *

Somebody says that our passions are older than our reason, because passions are born with us, but reason doesn't follow till a long time after. This is a slander upon all babies. When a baby is spanked, doesn't he cry? Yes? And hasn't he got reason? Yes—and a mighty good reason, too.

* * *

"How pleasant it is to see husband and wife of one mind."

"It is indeed. There are the Robinsons, for example, she thinks there is nobody in the world like Robinson, and he thinks so too."

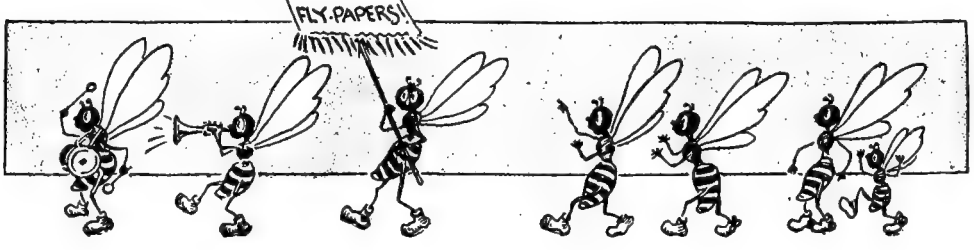
* * * * *

PERTERZE ZRNCHIZIKOWSKELOWSKI is a cabinet-maker, and when a fellow workman is sawing through a pine knot he thinks somebody's calling him.

* * * * *

BLINKER: "How did such an ignoramus as Dr. De Sharp get such a large practice among the wealthiest people?"

KLINKER: "Whenever a millionaire gets ill he tells him it's from overwork."



ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"Why are you crying, Tommy?"

"Papa has just given me a caning."

"But you don't generally make such a fuss?"

"No—o—but this time he did it with the branch of our old Christmas tree."

Faith is sometimes personified as a drenched female clinging to a sea-washed rock, but a better personification would be a bald-headed man buying a bottle of patent hair restorer.

* * * *

"Oh, yes, I often have to sit on the jury," said the judge, as he administered a reprimand.

* * * *

A man who was up before a magistrate recently gave his occupation as that of a "conchologist," and explained it by saying that he opened oysters at a well known restaurant.

* * * * *

To err is human; to forgive divine;
But justice says: "We can't remit the fine."

* * * * *

If you want to see austere simplicity and child-like innocence depicted upon the human countenance try to get a look at a man when he is taking up ten pounds' worth of change for a £5 note.

His best girl has written to say that she will give him up unless he gives up smoking. What is he to do?

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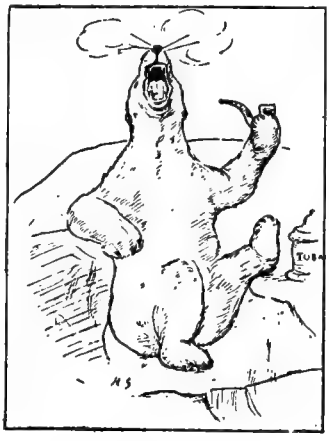
Morning toilet.

A glance at the paper.



A quiet smoke.

During the winter the hen may be dilatory, but she generally comes to the scratch when the garden is planted.

* * *

YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER: "Well, supposing you are giving a dinner to ten persons, and the waiter takes French leave. What do you then?"

EXPERIENCED HOUSEKEEPER: "Count the spoons."

* * *

DORRIS'S SHOE-STRINGS.

On Dorris's feet
Are the smallest of twos,
But surely some elf
Has enchanted her shoes,
For wherever we go—
Walk, row, or ride,
In church or at tennis,
Her shoes come untied.

At times it is trying,
But what can I do
When poor Dorris murmurs
"Oh, bother that shoe?"
So down I must flop
In the dust and the dirt,
To tie up the shoe
Of that dear little flirt.

These precious girl tyrants!
We cannot rebel,
For even their ribbons
Are filled with their spell.
Since old-fashioned aprons
No longer they use,
They tie up a poor man
To the strings of their shoes.

* * *

Geese are long-lived creatures, frequently attaining the age of fifty. But this will be no news to many frequenters of restaurants.

* * *

WIFE: "What do you want that camp-stool for, when we're going out for a walk, Jack?"

HUSBAND: Why, my dear, you said you were going to look in the draper's window. I can't stand for so many hours."

A cooling draught on a summer's day.

"If music be the food of love—play on!"

A little recreation.

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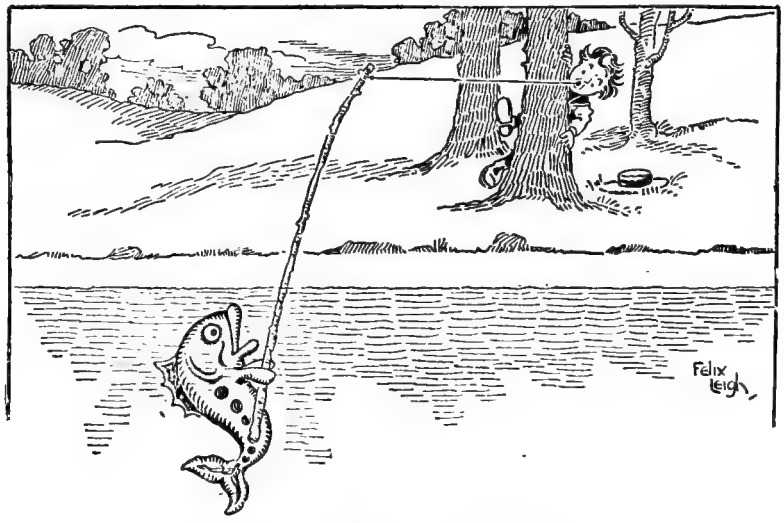

Characteristic Scene in Topsy-turvyland.

DRUGGIST: "You might have charged that young man ten shillings for making up that prescription. Why did you put the price at sixpence?"

CLERK: "He understands Latin."

AMIABLE TOURIST (to guide): "That's a very imposing statue, guide."

GUIDE: "Indeed you are right, sir; most people are imposed on by it. They think 'tis marble, but it's only painted timber."

THE 'DAKIST.

I.

You can't escape him anywhere,
That photo-taking glutton;
Your business is to be his prey,
And *his* to press the button.
He's on the land, he's on the sea,
He's in the town, alack!
And rustic scenes he desecrates—
The Fellow with the 'Dak.

II.

Or from the beach at Cocklecliff
Perhaps you've gone a-bathing,
When some Tired Tatters sneaks your clothes,
And doesn't leave you *a* thing.
You robe your form in strands of weed—
The fit is somewhat slack—
And then, of course, *he* comes that way—
The Horror with the 'Dak.

III.

Your train to London flies along
The metals, ever faster,
Until—whizz, bang! Ger-row! Bump-bump!—
You strike a small "disaster."
Your head is through the window, and
Your eye is wild—and black,
And there you are upon his film—
The Nuisance with the 'Dak.

IV.

Through life he haunts you, turning up
When you could do without him,
And when you pass away, he'll still
Be found on hand—don't doubt him!
He'll wing your hearse as it goes by,
And once upon the track,
He'll bag the scene at Kensal Green—
The Demon with the 'Dak!

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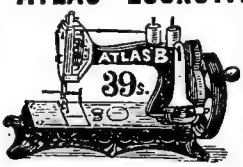

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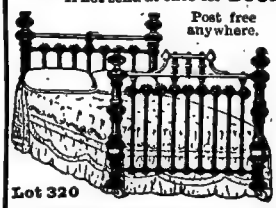

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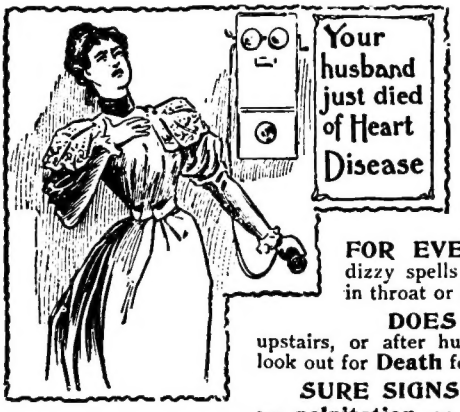
HAVE YOU THE SYMPTOMS?

Sure Signs of a Diseased Heart.

Almost one-half the people have heart disease. The trouble is they don't know it. They are careless—they over exert—run upstairs or to catch a train, and then comes the terrible shock—sudden death. It is no exaggeration to say that thousands of deaths might have been avoided had the victim known about our Heart Tablets. Pain is not the only symptom.



DON'T DROP DEAD.

If your heart is healthy there is no danger, but the moment the heart makes known its presence in the bosom it is unhealthy and out of tune.

SUDDEN DEATH is in **close touch** with you if sharp or dull pains play around your left side, upper left arm, or under the left shoulder blade.

DEATH MAY CONTINUE YOUR SLEEP FOR EVER if you are subject to violent starts in sleep, or if dizzy spells or fainting spells trouble you, or if you feel depressed in throat or chest, especially after eating.

DOES YOUR BREATH COME SHORT after going upstairs, or after hurrying, or otherwise exciting yourself? Yes! Then look out for **Death** for you **are in danger.**

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READ WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT OXIEN.

Heart Disease 15 Years.

Mrs S. H. Speath writes that she is 63, and for 15 years has suffered with heart disease. Oxièn has permanently cured her. She is now able to take twenty-five mile horseback rides without ill effect, and this over rough country roads.

Heart Disease for 20 Years.

"Oxien saved my life," declares Mrs J. M. Hines, of Leesburg, Ga., U.S.A. "I had heart disease, and had not closed my eyes in sleep for three weeks. One-half pellet put me to sleep, and I felt better on awaking than I had in seven years."

William E. Bond, of Belair, Mo., U.S.A., writing under date of March 15, says: "Frequent severe heart palpitations having warned me that that most dreadful of diseases, heart disease, was making a victim of me, I took Oxien. Someone had said that would check heart disease. It will, for it entirely cured me."

Had Fainting Spells.

In Bridgeville, N.S., there lives a woman named Mrs Friars, the wife of John Friars, who for twelve long years was a victim of heart disease complicated by kidney trouble and nervous prostration. She suffered from fainting spells and was obliged to stay in bed for weeks at a time. She tried doctors. They did not seem to do her any good. She invested her money in all sorts of medicines, hoping against hope, but found no relief. At last she turned to Oxien tablets.

She says over her own signature: "And they have done me more good than anything else I have ever taken. I now feel well and strong and have not been troubled with heart disease since. I cannot express my heartfelt thanks to the discoverer of the wonderful remedy and to the friend who brought it to my attention."

MEDICINE FREE. We have thus far over **35,000 Cures** to our credit in America. We wish to increase the number to **120,000.** Until that number is reached we will give the first treatment in the British Isles to those troubled with heart disease, or any of the symptoms of that deadly disease, free of charge. In its early stages **heart disease** is **curable,** but neglect a curable disease and it will rapidly develop into an incurability. There is but one end to an incurable disease—death. **Don't court death,** but write at once for our **absolute cure** of valvular and organic **Heart Disease,** an infallible preventive of all the complications which lead up to a **Diseased Heart.** We will send you a FREE treatment, relying on your telling your friends about it if it helps you, so we can thus introduce it into your country. Oxien is manufactured in Augusta, Maine, U.S.A. Samples will be furnished from our British Forwarding Depôt,

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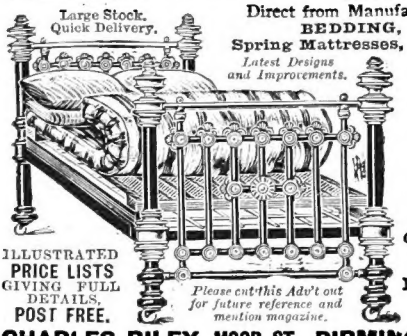

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The Editor of THE LANCET, June 16, 1900, says:—

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